

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would
Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER I.

For heretofore were ye called; because Christ
also suffered for you, leaving you an example,
that ye should follow his steps.

It was Friday morning, and the Rev.
Henry Maxwell was trying to finish his
Sunday morning sermon. He had been
interrupted several times and was
growing nervous as the morning wore
away and the sermon grew very slowly
toward a satisfactory finish.

"Mary," he called to his wife as he
went up stairs after the last interrup-
tion, "if any one comes after this I
wish you would say that I am very
busy and cannot come down unless it
is something very important."

"Yes, Henry. But I am going over
to visit the kindergarten, and you will
have the house all to yourself."

The minister went up into his study
and shut the door. In a few minutes
he heard his wife go out.

He settled himself at his desk with a
sigh of relief and began to write. His
text was from I Peter ii, 21.

"For heretofore were ye called; because Christ
also suffered for you, leaving you an example,
that ye should follow his steps."

He had emphasized in the first part
of his sermon the atonement as a per-
sonal sacrifice, calling attention to the
fact of Jesus' suffering in various ways,
in his life as well as in his death. He
had gone on to emphasize the atone-
ment from the side of example, giving
illustrations from the life and teaching
of Jesus to show how faith in the Christ
helped to save men because of the pat-
tern or character he displayed for their
imitation. He was now on the third
and last point, the necessity of follow-
ing Jesus in his sacrifice and example.

He had just put down, "(9) Steps—
what are they?" and was about to
enumerate them in logical order when
the bell rang sharply. It was one of
those clockwork bells and always went
off at a clock might go if it tried to
strike 12 all at once.

Henry Maxwell sat at his desk and
frowned a little. He made no move-
ment to answer the bell. Very soon it
rang again. Then he rose and walked
over to one of his windows, which com-
manded a view of the front door.

A man was standing on the steps. He
was a young man very shabbily dressed.
"Looks like a tramp," said the min-
ister. "I suppose I'll have to go down
and."

He did not finish the sentence, but
went down stairs and opened the front
door.

There was a moment's pause as the
two men stood facing each other. Then
the shabby looking young man said:
"I'm out of a job, sir, and thought
maybe you might put me in the way of
getting something."

"I don't know of anything. Jobs are
scarce," replied the minister, begin-
ning to shut the door slowly.

"I didn't know but you might per-
haps be able to give me a line to the
city railway or superintendent of the
shops or something," continued the
young man, shifting his feet and frow-
ning at the other nervously.

"It would be of no use. You will
have to excuse me. I am very busy this
morning. I hope you will find some-
thing. Sorry I can't give you some-
thing to do here. But I keep only a
horse and a cow and do the work my-
self."

The Rev. Henry Maxwell closed the
door and heard the man walk down the
steps. As he went up into his study he
saw from his hall window that the man
was going slowly down the street, still
holding his hat between his hands. There
was something in the figure so
dejected, homeless and forsaken that
the minister hesitated a moment as he
stood looking at it. Then he turned to
his desk and with a sigh began the
writing where he had left off.

He had no more interruptions, and
when his wife came in two hours later
the sermon was finished, and the loose
leaves were gathered up and neatly tied
together and laid on his Bible, all ready
for the Sunday morning service.

"A queer thing happened at the kin-
dergarten this morning, Henry," said
his wife while they were eating dinner.
"You know, I went over with Mrs.
Brown to visit the school, and just af-
ter the games, while the children were
at the tables, the door opened, and a
young man came in, holding a dirty
hat in both hands. He sat down near
the door and never said a word, only
looked at the children. He was evident-
ly a tramp, and Miss Wren and her as-
sistant, Miss Kyle, were a little fright-
ened at first, but he sat there very
quietly, and after a few minutes he
went out."

"Perhaps he was tired and wanted
to rest somewhere. The same man
called here, I think. Did you say he
looked like a tramp?"

"Yes, very dusty, shabby and gener-
ally tramping—not more than 30 or 35
years old, I should say."

"The same man," said the Rev.
Henry Maxwell thoughtfully.

"Did you finish your sermon, Hen-
ry?" his wife asked after a pause.

"Yes, all done. It has been a very
busy week with me. The two sermons
cost me a good deal of labor."

They will be appreciated by a large
audience tomorrow, I hope," replied
his wife, smiling. "What are you go-
ing to preach about in the morning?"

"Following Christ. I take up the

atonement under the heads of sacrifice
and example and then show the steps
needed to follow his sacrifice and ex-
ample."

"I am sure it is a good sermon. I
hope it won't rain Sunday. We have
had so many rainy days lately."

"Yes; the audiences have been quite
small for some time. People will not
come out to church in a storm." The
Rev. Henry Maxwell sighed as he said
it. He was thinking of the careful, la-
borious efforts he had made in prepar-
ing sermons for large audiences that
failed to appear.

But Sunday morning dawned on the
town of Raymond one of those perfect
days that sometimes come after long
periods of wind and rain and mud. The
air was clear and bracing, the sky was
free from all threatening signs, and ev-
ery one in Henry Maxwell's parish pre-
pared to go to church. When the service
opened at 11 o'clock, the large building
was filled with an audience of the best
dressed, most comfortable looking peo-
ple in Raymond.

The First church of Raymond be-
lieved in having the best music that
money could buy, and its quartet choir
this morning was a great source of
pleasure to the congregation. The an-
them was inspiring. All the music was
in keeping with the subject of the ser-
mon. And the anthem was an elaborate
adaptation to the most modern music
of the hymn:

Jesus, my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.
Just before the sermon the soprano
sang a solo, the well known hymn:

Where he leads me I will follow,
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

Rachel Winslow looked very beauti-
ful that morning as she stood up be-
hind the screen of carved oak which
was significantly marked with the em-
blems of the cross and the crown. Her
voice was even more beautiful than
her face, and that meant a great deal.
There was a general rustle of expecta-
tion over the audience as she arose.

Henry Maxwell settled himself content-
edly behind the pulpit. Rachel Wins-
low's singing always helped him. He
generally arranged for a song before
the sermon. It made possible a certain
inspiration of feeling that he knew
made his delivery more impressive.

People said to themselves they had
never heard such singing even in the
First church. It is certain that if it
had not been a church service her solo
would have been vigorously applauded.
It even seemed to Henry Maxwell when
she sat down that something like an at-
tempted clapping of hands or striking
of feet on the floor swept through the
church. He was startled by it. As he
rose, however, and laid his sermon on
the open Bible he said to himself he
had been deceived. Of course it could
not occur. In a few moments he was
absorbed in his sermon, and everything
else was forgotten in the pleasure of
the delivery.

No one had ever accused Henry Max-
well of being a dull preacher. On the
contrary, he had often been charged
with being sensational, not in what he
said so much as in his way of saying it.
But the First church people liked
that. It gave their preacher and their
parish a general distinction that was
agreeable.

It was also true that the pastor of
the First church loved to preach. He
seldom exchanged. He was eager to be
in his own pulpit when Sunday came.
There was an exhilarating half hour
for him as he stood facing a church full
of people and knew that he had a hear-
ing. He was peculiarly sensitive to
variations in the attendance. He never
preached well before a small audience.
The weather also affected him decid-
edly. He was at his best before just such
an audience as faced him now, on just
such a morning. He felt a glow of sat-
isfaction as he went on. The church
was the first in the city. It had the best
choir. It had a membership composed
of the leading people, representatives
of the wealth, society and intelligence
of Raymond. He was going abroad on a
three months' vacation in the sum-
mer, and the circumstances of his pas-
torate, his influence and his position as
pastor of the first church in the city—

It is not certain that the Rev. Henry
Maxwell knew just how he could carry
on all that thought in connection with
his sermon, but as he drew near the
end of it he knew that he had at some
point in his delivery had all these feel-
ings. They had entered into the very
substance of his thought. It might
have been all in a few seconds of time,
but he had been conscious of defining
his position and his emotions as well as
if he had held a soliloquy, and his de-
livery partook of the thrill of deep per-
sonal satisfaction.

The sermon was interesting. It was
full of striking sentences. They would
have commanded attention printed.
Spoken with the passion of a dramatic
utterance that had the good taste never
to offend with a suspicion of ranting or
declamation, they were very effective.

If the Rev. Henry Maxwell that morn-
ing felt satisfied with the conditions of
his pastorate, the parish of First church
also had a similar feeling as it congrat-
ulated itself on the presence in the pul-
pit of this scholarly, refined, somewhat
striking face and figure, preaching
with such animation and freedom from
all vulgar, noisy or disagreeable man-
nerism.

Suddenly, into the midst of this per-
fect accord and concord between preach-
er and audience, there came a very re-
markable interruption. It would be
difficult to indicate the extent of the
shock which this interruption measured.
It was so unexpected, so entirely con-
trary to any thought of any person
present, that it offered no room for
argument or, for the time being, of re-
sistance.

The sermon had come to a close. The
Rev. Henry Maxwell had turned the
half of the big Bible over upon his
manuscripts and was about to sit down
as the quartet prepared to rise and
sing the closing selection.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers,
when the entire congregation was start-
led by the sound of a man's voice. It
came from the rear of the church, from
one of the seats under the gallery. The
next moment the figure of a man came
out of the shadow there and walked
down the middle aisle.

Before the startled congregation real-
ized what was being done the man had
reached the open space in front of the
pulpit and had turned about, facing
the people.

"I've been wondering since I came
in here"—they were the words he used
under the gallery, and he repeated them
—"if it would be just the thing to say
a word at the close of this service. I'm
not drunk, and I'm not crazy, and I'm
perfectly harmless. But if I die, as
there is every likelihood I shall in a
few days, I want the satisfaction of
thinking that I said my say in a place
like this, before just this sort of a
crowd."

Henry Maxwell had not taken his
seat, and he now remained standing,
leaning on his pulpit, looking down at
the stranger. It was the man who had
come to his house Friday morning, the
same dusty, worn, shabby looking
young man. He held his faded hat in
his two hands. It seemed to be a fa-
vorite gesture. He had not been shaved,
and his hair was rough and tangled. It
was doubtful if any one like this had
ever confronted the First church within
the sanctuary. It was tolerably familiar
with this sort of humanity out on the
street, around the railroad shops, wan-
dering up and down the avenue, but it
had never dreamed of such an incident
as this so near.

There was nothing offensive in the
man's manner or tone. He was not ex-
cited, and he spoke in a low but dis-
tinct voice. Henry Maxwell was con-
scious, even as he stood there smitten
into dumb astonishment at the event,
that somehow the man's action remind-
ed him of a person he had once seen
walking and talking in his sleep.

No one in the church made any mo-
tion to stop the stranger or in any way
interrupt him. Perhaps the first shock
of his sudden appearance deepened into
genuine perplexity concerning what
was best to do. However that may be,
he went on as if he had no thought of
interruption and no thought of the un-
usual element he had introduced into
the decorum of the First church service,
and all the while he was speaking
Henry Maxwell leaned over the pulpit,
his face growing more white and sad
every moment. But he made no move-
ment to stop him, and the people sat
smitten into breathless silence. One
other face, that of Rachel Winslow,
from the choir seats, stared, white and
intent, down at the shabby figure with
the faded hat. Her face was striking at
any time. Under the pressure of the
present unheard of incident it was as
personally distinct as if it had been
framed in fire.

"I'm not an ordinary tramp, though
I don't know of any teaching of Jesus
that makes one kind of a tramp less
worth saving than another. Do you?"
He put the question as naturally as if
the whole congregation had been a
small private Bible class. He paused
just a moment and coughed painfully.
Then he went on.

"I lost my job ten months ago. I am
a printer by trade. The new linotype
machines are beautiful specimens of
invention, but I know six men who
have killed themselves inside of the
year just on account of those machines.
Of course I don't blame the newspapers
for getting the machines. Meanwhile
what can a man do? I know I never
learned but the one trade, and there
all I can do. I've tramped all over the
country trying to find something. There
are a good many others like me. I'm
not complaining, am I? Just stating
facts. But I was wondering, as I sat
there under the gallery, if what you
call following Jesus is the same thing
as what he taught."

"What did he mean when he said,
'Follow me?' The minister said"—here
the man turned about and looked up at
the pulpit—"that it was necessary for
the disciple of Jesus to follow his steps,
and he said the steps were obedience,
faith, love and imitation. But I did
not hear him tell just what he meant
that to mean, especially the last step.
What do Christians mean by following
the steps of Jesus? I've tramped
through this city for three days trying
to find a job, and in all that time I've
not had a word of sympathy or comfort
except from your minister here, who
said he was sorry for me and hoped I
would find a job somewhere. I suppose
it is because you get so imposed on by
the professional tramp that you have
lost your interest in the other sort. I'm
not blaming anybody, am I? Just stat-
ing facts. Of course I understand you
can't all go out of your way to hunt up
jobs for people like me. I'm not asking
you to, but what I feel puzzled about is
what is meant by following Jesus. Do
you mean that you are suffering and
denying yourselves and trying to save
lost suffering humanity just as I un-
derstand Jesus did? What do you mean
by it? I see the ragged edge of things
a good deal. I understand there are
more than 500 men in this city in my
case. Most of them have families. My
wife died four months ago. I'm glad
she is out of trouble. My little girl is
staying with a printer's family until I

find a job. Somehow I get puzzled
when I see so many Christians living
in luxury and singing, 'Jesus, I my
cross have taken, all to leave and fol-
low thee,' and remember how my wife
died in a tenement in New York city,
gasping for air and asking God to take
the little girl too. Of course I don't ex-
pect you people can prevent every one
from dying of starvation, lack of proper
nourishment and tenement air. But
what does following Jesus mean? I
understand that Christian people own
a good many of the tenements. A mem-
ber of a church was the owner of the
one where my wife died, and I have
wondered if following Jesus all the
way was true in his case. I heard some
people singing at a church prayer meet-
ing the other night.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers,
All my thoughts and all my doings,
All my days and all my hours,"

"and I kept wondering, as I sat on
the steps outside, just what they meant
by it. It seems to me there's an awful
lot of trouble in the world that some-
how wouldn't exist if all the people
who sing such songs went and lived
them out. I suppose I don't under-
stand. But what would Jesus do? Is
that what you mean by following his
steps? It seems to me sometimes as if
the people in the city churches had good
clothes and nice homes to live in, and
money to spend for luxuries, and could
go away on summer vacations and all
that, while the people outside of the
churches, thousands of them, I mean,
die in tenements, and walk the streets
for jobs, and never have a piano or a
picture in the house, and grow up in
misery and drunkenness and sin." The
man gave a queer lurch over in the di-
rection of the communion table and laid
one grimy hand on it. His hat fell upon
the carpet at his feet. A stir went
through the congregation. Dr. West
half rose from his seat, but as yet the
silence was unbroken by any voice or
movement worth mentioning in the
audience. The man passed his other
hand across his eyes and then, without
any warning, fell heavily forward on
his face, full length, up the aisle.

Henry Maxwell spoke, "We will con-
sider the service dismissed." He was
down the pulpit stairs and kneeling by
the prostrate form before any one else.
The audience instantly rose, and the
aisle was crowded. Dr. West pro-
nounced the man alive. He had fainted
away.

"Some heart trouble," the doctor
also muttered as he helped to carry him
into the pastor's study.

Henry Maxwell and a group of his
church members remained some time
in the study. The man lay on the couch
there and breathed heavily. When the
question of what to do with him came
up, the minister insisted upon taking
him to his house. He lived near by and
had an extra room. Rachel Winslow
said: "Mother has no company at pres-
ent. I am sure we would be glad to
give him a place with us." She looked
strangely agitated. No one noticed it
particularly. They were all excited over
the strange event, the stranger that
First church people could remember.

But the minister insisted on taking
charge of the man, and when a carriage
came the unconscious but living form
was carried to his house, and with the
entrance of that humanity into the
minister's spare room a new chapter in
Henry Maxwell's life began, and yet no
one, himself least of all, dreamed of the
remarkable change it was destined to
make in all his after definition of Chris-
tian discipleship.

The event created a great sensation
in the First church parish. People
talked of nothing else for a week. It
was the general impression that the
man had wandered into the church in a
condition of mental disturbance caused
by his troubles and that all the time he
was talking he was in a strange delir-
ium of fever and really ignorant of his
surroundings. That was the most
charitable construction to put upon his
action. It was the general agreement
also that there was a singular absence
of anything bitter or complaining in
what the man had said. He had through-
out spoken in a mild, apologetic tone,
almost as if he were one of the congre-
gation seeking for light on a very diffi-
cult subject.

The third day after his removal to
the minister's house there was a marked
change in his condition. The doctor
spoke of it and offered no hope. Satur-
day morning he still lingered, although
he had rapidly faded as the week drew
near to its close. Sunday morning just
before the clock struck I he rallied and
asked if his child had come. The min-
ister had sent for her as soon as he had
been able to secure her address from
some letters found in the man's pocket.
He had been conscious and able to talk
coherently only a few moments since
his attack. "The child is coming. She
will be here," Henry Maxwell said as
he sat there, his face showing marks of
the strain of the week's vigil, for he
had insisted on sitting up nearly every
night.

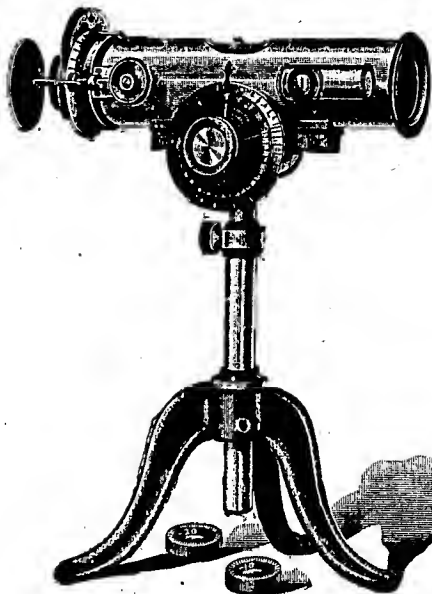
"I shall never see her in this world,"
the man whispered. Then he uttered
with great difficulty the words: "You
have been good to me. Somehow I feel
as if it was what Jesus would do."

After a few moments he turned his
head slightly, and before Henry Max-
well could realize the fact the doctor
said, "He is gone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Luxury.
"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's
only one time when I envies de rich."
"I'm ashamed of yer weakness."
"I don't blame you. But when I read
about dese swells comin all de way
from Europe as saloon passengers I
can't help feelin a pang o' jealousy."
Washington Star.

New Songs Welcome.
New songs always sell well. It's
such a relief to get rid of the last one
that anything new will go.—Port-
smouth Chronicle.



The De Zeng Refractometer.

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his study, and have the latest and
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I have recently purchased one
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50c Shirt Waists marked down to	36
1.00 Shirt Waists marked down to	79
1.25 Shirt Waists marked down to	98
1.50 Shirt Waists marked down to	1.15
1.75 Shirt Waists marked down to	1.29
8c Percals, 36 in. wide marked down to	5 1/2c per yard
12 1/2c Percals, light colored, marked down to	9 1/2c per yard
6c Percals, 3/4 yd. wide, light colored, marked down to	4c per yard
12 1/2c Dimities marked down to	10 1/2c per yard
10c Dimities and Lawns marked down to	7 1/2c per yard

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All Ladies' Suits and Jackets at cost.
All Misses' and Children's Jackets at cost.

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To close out our Summer Stock I shall sell the balance of my

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ONE-HALF PRICE.

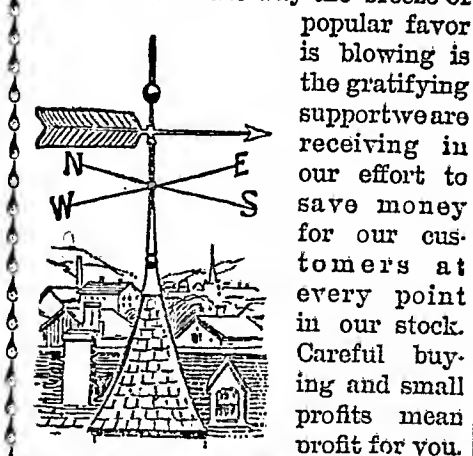
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Groceries..

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and sweet, at
prices that are
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Sofa Pillows and *
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Also the long needed DELONG HOOKS AND EYES ON TAPE.

AT

E. E. Burnham's

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Choice Verse.

Unspoken Words.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise, [in,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks with
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue
lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar—prayed a well might
burst
from out the sand, to save her parching
child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the unexpected movement of the
lip.

Al! can you let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and seethe it like a whip?
Unspoken words, like treasures in a mine,
Are valueless till we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God hath made to bless and glid the
earth.

How sad 'twould be to see the master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But, oh! what pain when, at God's own com-
mand,
A heart-string thrills with kindness but is
mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would re-
joice.

Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the
weak,
And He will bless you! He who struck the
chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek
—From the humbler Poets.

My Kingdom and My Queen.

My kingdom has no dazzling throne,
No palace grand upon it,
Yet 'tis as bright as e'er was known,
Or sung in loyal sonnet.

I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
Mid scenes of wealth and splendor,
But this one spot I love the best,
With all its joys so tender;

No place so dear I've ever seen
For peace reigns here, and Love is queen,
Two subjects in my kingdom dwell.
One has an eye of azure,

And smiles upon her fair face tell
Of pure and perfect pleasure;
And one has hair of golden hue
And eyes of hazel beauty;

And while'er he may strive to do
He always does his duty,
And faithful they have ever been
To her who is my household queen.

And as life yields me never joy
And hope divine and human,
I see o'er now no more a boy,
And he almost a woman.

The bright days come, the bright days go
And each brings some new pleasure,
And a spot on the earth I know
Is rich with heart-treasure.

For happier subjects ne'er were seen
Than in my home where Love is queen.
By no high-sounding, royal name
Or title they address her

As cheerily—their hearts aflame
With love—they kiss and bless her;
But with a voice of gentle tone
Which joy gives to each other.

They call her by one name alone—
The hallowed name of mother!
A name the sweetest known to man
Since time and love their course began.

—GABE DUNN.

"I have used Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy in my family for
years and always with good re-
sults," says Mr. W. R. Cooper of
El Rio, Cal. "For small children
we find it especially effective.
For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel,
and W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills."

Reduction
Sale
of
Summer
Goods.....

\$2.00 Shirt Waists, only	\$1.00
1.50 Shirt Waists, only	.75
1.00 Shirt Waists, only	.50
.69 Shirt Waists, only	.35
.50 Shirt Waists, only	.25
1.39 White Pique Skirts, only	.70
1.25 Wrappers, only	.89
1.00 Wrappers, only	.69
Remnant Prints, only	.03
Remnant Bleached Cotton, only	.04
12½c Dimities, only	.10
10c Dimities, only	.07½
Special in Table Damask,	.26
Special in Table Damask,	.50

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The Home.

[Contributions to this column are earnestly
solicited. Help us to make it of interest to
all.—Ed.]

Noble deeds are held in honor,
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel
The worth of common deeds.

—Selected.

I hold this true—whenever wins
Man's highest estate here below,
Must grow and never cease to grow—
For when growth ceases, death begins.

—Alice Cary.

A Word to the Unwise.

We are constantly encountering
a certain sad fact in the world,
and that is, that the world is full
of timid, hesitating, and compara-
tively useless, because self-dis-
trusting people, who doubt, post-
pone and finally give up in any
undertaking which presents itself.
They are afraid to give expression
to any originality, either in word
or deed; they have no confidence
in their own judgment; they are
constantly asking advice from
other people; they take no chances
for fear of failure; they hold back
from any enterprise which has
not been pushed to success; in a
word, they are never sure of them-
selves or of anything else.

One of the saddest elements of
the case is the fact that often
times these persons are the ones
possessing the greatest amount of
ability in one, or perhaps in sev-
eral directions. All with whom
they come in contact recognize, to
a greater or less degree, this abili-
ty, and naturally expect that it
will be exercised in some profit-
able or beneficent way, while to
their surprise and disappointment
the one possessing it either seems
unconscious of its possession, or if
willing to acknowledge it, ridicules
the idea that it is good for any-
thing or can ever be made so.
This state of affairs is peculiarly
exasperating to the relatives and
friends of these individuals, and
just in proportion to the amount
of their interest and affection. It
is, too, a matter not only of un-
favorable comment and criticism,
but of increasing wonder and per-
plexity.

Yet, assuming that there is no
effect without adequate cause, it
becomes a comparatively simple
matter—to one who looks below
the surface of things—to explain
this seeming mystery. "What a
crooked tree!" exclaimed a six-
year-old to his father. "I guess
some one trod on it when it was a
little boy." Let the fathers and
mothers, the elder brothers and
sisters, in families where the
younger members belong to the
able and gifted, but self-distrust-
ful class, consider whether they
have not themselves, consciously
or otherwise, trodden under foot
the budding ideas, aspirations and
efforts of these tender young souls,
in the early years when there ex-
ists the greatest susceptibility to
such outside influence. If these
ideas have been slighted, if the
aspirations have been checked or
diverted, if the efforts have been
discouraged or ridiculed, the ones
who have been guilty of these
things should be, logically, the
last ones to wonder at the result,
much as they may vainly deplore
it.

A Woman of Tact.

She had been talking pleasantly
to two or three women. She had
made her good-bys all cheerful and
bright, and, after she had disap-
peared, one woman turned to an-
other and said in a tone that was
scolding: "She is a thorough wom-
an of tact." Now, in this case the
woman who had said nothing but
pleasant words, who by a bright
story had prevented the discussion
of a petty scandal, was a woman
who was as brave-hearted as any
that ever lived, and who bore, not
only her own, but the burdens of a
good many other people, yet she
saw no reason why she should in-
flict her troubles upon her friends,
or why she should not be in its
best sense, a woman of tact.

A woman of tact is one who feels
that the story told to hurt your
feelings is essentially bad form
and inconsiderate of the feelings of
others.

A woman of tact is one who is
courteous to old people, who laughs
with the young, and who makes
herself agreeable to all women in
all conditions of life.

A woman of tact is one who

makes her good-morning a pleas-
ant greeting, her visit a bright
spot in the day and her good-by a
hope that she may come again.

A woman of tact is one who does
not gauge people by their clothes,
or their riches, but who condemns
bad manners.

A veritable woman of tact is the
best type of a Christian, for her
very consideration makes other
women long to imitate her. Re-
member that to do your work as a
woman of tact means more than
speaking from a platform or as-
sumed elevation.

A woman of tact is one who is
courteous under all circumstances
and in every condition in which
she may be placed. She is the
woman who can receive the unvel-
come guest with a smile so bright
and a handshake so cordial that in
trying to make the welcome seem
real, it becomes so. A woman of
tact is one whose love for human-
ity is second only in her life's devo-
tion, and whose watchword is un-
selfishness in thought and action.
By making self last, it finally be-
comes natural to have it so.

The Backward Child.

The backward child may indeed
be deficient in application, not in
capacity. Should this be so, arouse
him, not by a hailstorm of nagging
or a downpour of fault-finding, but
by a system of rewards lovingly
adapted to his disposition and char-
acter. Suffer no discouragement
to creep into your heart concerning
him, and do not allow him or her
to feel that there is reason for any
doubt of their reaching the top of
the ladder in due season. The top,
mind, not the middle rounds; any
one can reach these. Set a definite
aim before your child, cultivate a
high and noble ideal. But be will-
ing to climb slowly. Haste is at
the root of many a failure, haste
and lack of thoroughness as one
goes on.

With a tender regret for lost op-
portunities, who has not sometime
seen a mature woman timid, self-
conscious, handicapped from youth
to gray-hairs simply because she
was a "backward" child once, and
therefore was snubbed and ridicul-
ed and pushed into the background,
while her sisters and brothers bore
off the honors and were the objects
of universal estimation? A wrong
for life was done to the little daugh-
ter, and her daughter may perhaps
suffer from the same old mistake,
for wrongs are far-reaching. Be
pitiful and just to the backward
child in your home.—Margaret E.
Sangster.

Fussy Mother.

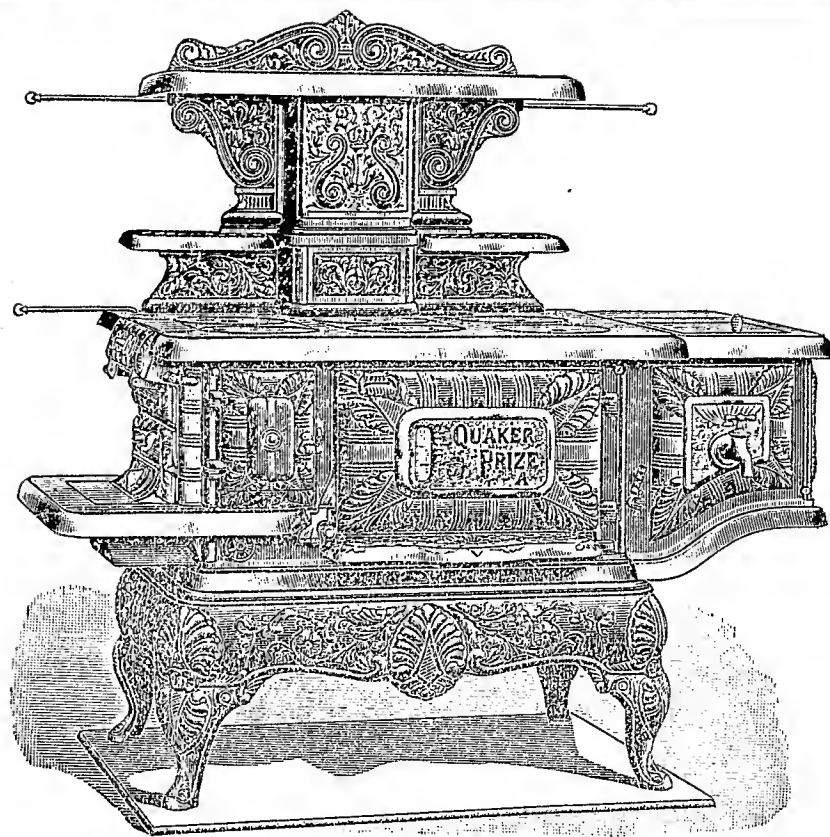
Children are often worried be-
cause their mothers are too atten-
tive and continually reprove the
small ones without reason. A
child should be let alone and be
allowed to play or amuse itself in
its own way without the constant
direction of a nervous mother. A
boy, for example, enjoys more a
few simple toys and something
which his own ingenuity has work-
ed out, than the most elaborate
plaything which has been bought.
In the same way the little girl will
lavish her affections on a misshap-
en doll, probably made at home,
while the most artistic production
of the toy shop will lie in state, to
be taken up on rare occasions.
Children should be allowed to fol-
low their own instincts when these
are right.

Children as Our Judges.

Our sophisticated minds can
hardly realize the unprejudiced
"at first hand" impressions of
young children, and it would doubt-
less be a book of amazing revela-
tion which should record in any
ordinary family, the thoughts of
these children about their parents.

A busy young matron, full of af-
fairs, running hurriedly back to
her interrupted work, encountered
her five-year-old girlie at the head
of the stairs. The brown eyes were
very serious and inquiring. "So
you forgave Mrs. Timmons, mam-
ma; I saw you kiss her good-by."

As a rule, it is the brightest and
most promising child who will
have the most original notions, as
well as the one who will make the
wildest, and sometimes, conse-
quently, the most absurd, attempts
to carry them out. Of course, the
results are often laughable, but
when we consider that the aver-
age adult feels ridicule to be the
sharpest weapon with which he
can be struck, we cannot be sur-
prised to find that to the young,
sensitive and unresisting soul it
carries destruction and death.
The thought is suppressed; the
effort is concealed, or, more like-
ly, abandoned; confidence in self
is destroyed, and, as a natural re-
sult, incentive to effort and hope
of accomplishment completely per-
ish. A child should never be dis-
couraged, and, above all things,
should never be ridiculed in any-
thing which it tries faithfully to
do—never, at any time, in any
place, or under any circumstances.
—Boston Transcript.

CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

News Voting Contest

The above is an exact picture of the Quaker
Range which the publishers of the NEWS will
give to some lady in Oxford County as a Christ-
mas present. This is positively one of the best
ranges on the market, and one that retails for
\$50.00. It would be useless to enter into any
description as everyone knows, by reputation at
least, what the Quaker Range is, and it is suf-
ficient to say that this is one of the latest, and
contains improvements found in no other range.
Come into the News office and examine it for
yourself, and you will readily see that the lady
who gets it as Christmas present will get a range
than which there is none better, and of which
any woman could justly feel proud.

CONDITIONS

This will be made, as the name implies, a
voting contest and will be conducted as follows:
Each paper during the life of the contest will
contain one coupon which when properly filled
out and presented at the News office, will count
one vote.

Every dollar paid on new subscriptions will
count 100 votes.

Every dollar paid on old subscriptions in ar-
rears will count 20 votes. Old subscriptions if
paid up and one year in advance will count 50
votes to each dollar paid.

No votes will be credited unless the money is
actually paid.

The contest will close on Friday, December
22, at 5 p. m.

THE AVERAGE SHOE

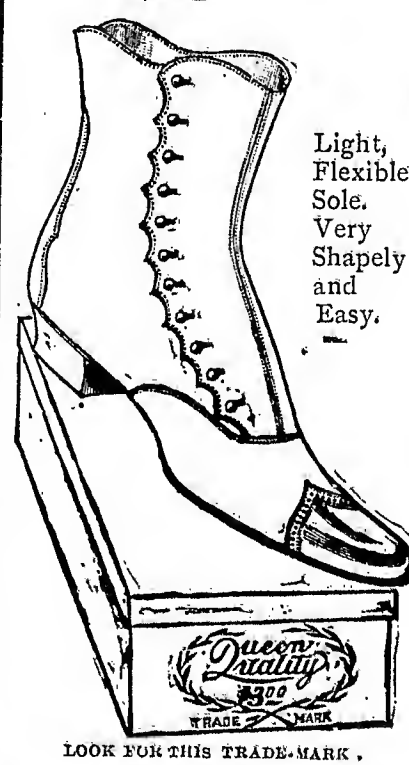
fits no foot well because it aims to
to fit every foot.

QUEEN QUALITY
SHOES

are made in special shapes de-
signed to suit
the several dis-
tinct types of
feet—the "long
thin," the
"short thick,"
the "high
arched," the
"low arched"
all are provid-
ed for.
The price
is not
the only thing that has made
"Queen Quality" Shoes world
famous.

All styles—for dress,
for the house, for the
promenade, for out-
ing—all at one price.

\$3.00



Light,
Flexible
Sole.
Very
Shapely
and
Easy.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK.

GEYRON ROWE.

E. L. Tebbets & Co.

We keep constantly in stock the
best quality of

Corn and
Oats,

Which we grind to suit our customers.

We also keep

FLOUR,
BRAN,
MIDDINGS,
MINERAL SALT,
GRASS SEED,
and

Poultry Supplies.

We also do

Custom : Grinding.

E. L.
TEBBETS
& CO.,

LOCKE'S MILLS, ME.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.

BETHEL, ME.

Marble & Granite
Workers.

Chaste Designs.

First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly
answered. See our work.

Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

Educate Your Bevels With Casanova.
Candy Cathartics, cure constipation forever.
10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by the
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R. C. BOWLER, Editor.
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The colored slip on your paper denotes the time to which you have paid for your paper. If not correct notify us immediately.
Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his address or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for its payment.
If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.
If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, August 30, 1899.

The military plot against Capt. Dreyfus seems to be crumbling somewhat, and, unless we judge amiss, some of the conspirators will soon be buried beneath the ruins.

The practical use of wireless telegraphy was tested in connection with the Sherman's arrival at San Francisco. The following message was received when she was within nine miles of her landing: "All well on board; no deaths during the voyage."

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who has been in the West studying agricultural questions, says that the West is prosperous and crops abundant; that there was never so much corn in the Mississippi valley as this year, and that the farmers in Kansas and Nebraska are talking of sending a cord of cancelled farm mortgages to the Paris Exposition as a sample of western prosperity.

Three cheers for what the commissioner has done for us on Main street, this summer. Occasionally we hear some one kicking because he did not do more, but this is to be expected; you know the man wasn't satisfied with the gold egg; one each day was not sufficient, so he killed the goose that he might get his gold all at once. Here is a lesson for us. If we expect to get our good roads all at once, we are pretty sure to meet the experience of the old man. Our experience has been, that appreciating what we have and hoping for something better, will count for vastly more than will chronic kicking at what we have.

It is interesting to note in these days of religious toleration, that in Japan, the nation that in many things is far advanced in the higher civilization and which is being placed along side of England and America as their natural ally, a law has recently gone into effect which regulates all faiths and beliefs. All sects are placed under absolute control of a local governor. No religious work can be done without the propagators first going to the governor with full details. No churches can be built, nor meetings held without his sanction, and the regulations even go so far as to demand detailed information regarding the pastor. Evidently Japan is not yet at the top round of civilization's ladder.

The New Bethel News.

We are just four years, three months, and fourteen days old today. And although our life is but a comparatively short one, yet it has not been altogether free from adventure.

We began our public existence under somewhat discouraging circumstances, at a time when the hard and distressing times through which the American people have recently passed were surging their hardest against the younger industries and minor enterprises of the country. Nor was this all. Though our contemporaries gave us a very cordial welcome, yet it was generally conceded, that our welcome was only to an overcrowded field. With these as a warp, and the assurance of hard work and a plenty of it, for a filling, we began our existence in the town of Bethel.

Our past history need not be repeated. You know full well, dear readers, how far we have fulfilled the legitimate requirements that have been put upon us; and wherever we may seem to have come short, you may rest assured that there has been a cause for it. And

be it further known, that whatever success we may have attained, has been the result of our most earnest and unremitting energy, which, however, has been richly rewarded, if in no other way, by the hundreds of kind and appreciative words that have ever and anon come to us from our friends.

Believing full well, that any enterprise to be successful must enjoy a constant growth, and feeling that our four page sheet was inadequate to such a growth, it has seemed best to enlarge our paper to eight pages.

The plan of the paper will be changed somewhat from what it has been in the past. While we shall make a specialty of local and county news, yet we shall keep in touch with the outside world, and glean from the week's news what we feel will be of most interest to our readers.

Please look this number over; it will give you an idea of what we propose to make the new Bethel News. We have labored under some disadvantages this week, such as are wont to be incidental to a complete metamorphosis, and hope to perfect our work as we get more fully organized, and furnish our readers with a sheet that will speak for itself.

The subscription price will remain the same if paid strictly in advance, if not, an extra twenty-five cents will be charged.

Trusting that our friends will appreciate our desire to give them full value for their money, and assuring them that our best energies will be exerted to that end, we extend a cordial greeting.

A Remedy Needed.

Alder River is a small, winding stream which flows into the Androscoggin river a short distance below the Grand Trunk railroad station. The view from the bridge which crosses it, was intended by Nature, to be fine, but alas! the work of man has so marred the foreground, that the whole landscape is ruined. How can it be otherwise, when all the refuse from the stores is dumped here—wooden boxes, pasteboard boxes, tin cans, kettles, and all sorts of indistinguishable articles. Is it too much, dear News, to ask through you, why this refuse may not just as well be dumped on the other side of this point of land, where the swifter and deeper waters of the Androscoggin might bear some of it away, or at least, hide it from the eyes of passers-by?

A READER.

The question which our reader has asked, is one that should be considered, and one that we have asked ourselves as we have passed and re-passed this common dumping ground. Those towns in Maine, which are the most popular, to-day, as summer resorts, are the ones in which the beauties and attractions of Nature have been supplemented by the labors of their painstaking people, and if we desire to see an increase of summer visitors to our town, we should seek to preserve rather than destroy the beautiful scenery with which Nature has so generously blessed us.

The Dreyfus Case.

The attention of the whole world has been turned toward France during the past few weeks and the people of every civilized land have watched with peculiar interest the new developments in the famous Dreyfus case. Never in the history of the present century, at least, has a case been brought before the courts of any country, that has been watched with such universal interest as has this one, and all right thinking persons who are at all familiar with the matter are of the same opinion, that the ignominy, disgrace, and public insults that have been put upon Capt. Dreyfus are the results of one of the most cowardly, and infamous conspiracies ever plotted against a human being.

That Dreyfus was sacrificed to screen some more prominent men, none question; and his conviction was a series of crimes from beginning to end. The scoundrels who are seeking not only to convict Dreyfus, but to shield the implicated generals of the French army from the consequences of their infamy, have resorted to forgery, perjury, and all sorts of intimidation, and as a final resort have supplemented their crimes by attempted murder.

On Saturday, August 12, General Mercier utterly failed to make out the case against Dreyfus of which he had boasted he had positive

proof, and Monday it was known that Labori, Dreyfus' leading lawyer, and one of the most renowned men of the French bar, was to deal with Mercier without mercy, and knock the last prop from under his argument; this being fairly realized, the only thing left to do was to get Labori out of the way, and it was attempted. Early Monday morning while proceeding to the court room he was shot by unknown parties.

This was the most direct and effective way to prevent Mercier and his army accomplices from being dragged before the world in the stain of their own infamy.

When Labori was struck down, M. Demange, senior counsel for Dreyfus, demanded that the court martial suspend proceedings until a substitute could be put in his place, but his demand was unheeded; as a matter of fact, the court martial suspended proceedings just twenty minutes.

On Tuesday, Aug. 22, Labori reappeared, and although much weakened from the result of his misfortune, yet he is strong enough to shatter many of the arguments of the prosecution, and it will not be surprising if, before the court martial shall be brought to a close, some of Dreyfus' accusers shall be brought before the world in their true light.

Regarding Pulling Matches.

An attempt was made at the last Legislature to abolish pulling matches at the fairs, on the grounds that the way they have been conducted in the past has been cruelty to animals. The attempt failed, but as the fair season approaches, the friends of the measure, are rallying and taking a vigorous interest in the matter. Here is the club with which they will work this year:

CHAPTER 124.

SEC. 20. Every person who cruelly overdrives, overloads or overworks, who torments, tortures—or who cruelly beats—any horse or other animal, or causes the same to be done; or any person owning or having the charge of custody of any animal, who knowingly or wilfully authorizes or permits the same to suffer torture or cruelty—shall for every such offense be punished by imprisonment in jail, not exceeding one year or by fine not less than \$5 and not exceeding \$200 or both.

It is not claimed that the law is everywhere violated, but that it is in many cases; that the drags are overloaded, and that the excitement of the moment makes many a farmer unintentionally cruel.

Notices have been sent out over the State, that legitimate sport will not be meddled with, but that cruelty will be watched for and an example made of the first case they come across.

None should draw hasty conclusions in regard to this matter, but all interested should weigh it thoroughly. This question of cruelty at our pulling matches is one that will doubtless admit of discussion, and what will be the result of the steps taken by the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, remains to be seen.

The Library and "Frogs of Windham."

The extension of interest in our library is receiving new proof every day, and the trustees of the association desire to express through the columns of the News their appreciation for the hearty co-operation which the young people so readily gave in the presentation of the opera, "Frogs of Windham."

It takes some courage for a small organization to undertake such a project, but the trustees found when the time came for united action, a large chorus of willing workers, and "like a well disciplined army, whose strength can never be measured until service is rendered," were ever alert and prompt to respond to all requests and suggestions made by Mr. Leavitt, who so gracefully and skillfully conducted this kaleidoscopic picture, of his own creation, of civilization and savagery.

To supply the public wants, requires new books, and the quantity of new books depend upon means with which to purchase them. The trustees are sure every patron of the Library will join most heartily in expressions of gratitude for the assistance rendered by the chorus, as well as for the liberal patronage which each performance received, regardless of the inclement weather.

AROUND THE BUSY WORLD.

With an Occasional Snap Shot From the Editor's Kodak.

The Brooklyn trolley cars have added their 250th victim to their death roll. This is a pretty bad record.

The United States transport, Sherman, bearing the first California regiment of volunteers, has arrived safe at San Francisco.

The Columbia's steel mast, which has been repaired since the accident of three weeks ago, was successfully stepped this afternoon.

The way that iron has advanced during the last few months is a caution, and if the advance continues our iron mines will soon be at par with our gold mines.

A million dollar welcome is what Admiral Dewey is to receive upon his arrival in New York, Oct. 6. About \$300,000 has already been raised and it is stated that the event will be the greatest of the kind that the city has ever known.

"It was very considerate of France to arrange the Dreyfus trial when there is a lull in the regular theatrical season," says the Kennebec Journal. It begins to look as though it would prove a dear theatrical season however, to certain actors connected with the prosecution.

Like everything else, the private mailing card advertising business has been overdone, and the privilege abused to such an extent, that the postmaster general has been obliged to notify postmasters that cards to be used as "private mailing cards" must not be more than 3½ inches by 5½ inches.

The following were Uncle Sam's receipts and expenditures one day last week: From customs, \$886,468; internal revenue, \$596,585; miscellaneous, \$83,517; expenditures, \$1,970,000. This leaves a deficit of \$558,438. This is more than many of our individuals would care to sustain, but it doesn't worry our Uncle much.

Boston is to have a new public market. Well, she needs it. The present one is too thickly settled for comfort or convenience, no additions having been made to it since 1825, since which time the city has grown tenfold. The new one will be located on Park square on the land now occupied by the Providence depot.

The official report of the Geological survey for 1898 shows that the mineral products of the United States for that period amounted in value to \$697,880,002—an increase of 90 per cent over the value of the output for 1880. This is an exhibit of the natural resources of the country and their immense development within the past 20 years, that is impressive.

It is enough to make a horse laugh to follow the proceedings of the Dreyfus court martial and note the order of proceedings.

Here is a man accused of treason, arraigned before a tribunal composed of his public enemies, whose justice and manhood seem totally eclipsed by corruption and prejudice and the trash that they accept as evidence would not be permitted for an instant in the courts of any other country claiming to be civilized. How long would the lunacy of M. Bertillon, who by his corrupt schemes and cranky notions has for several days been making himself conspicuous, be heard in an American court? It would require about five minutes for him to prove himself a fit subject for one of our lunatic asylums. A specialist in the identification of handwriting in France—a hnmbug in America. All of his long-winded and fantastic proofs, however, prove to be simply another forgery, as Labori has discovered that Bertillon's photographs of the bordereau have been carefully retouched to make them conform to his mathematical rules applied to handwriting.

Card of Thanks.

I hereby desire to extend my hearty thanks to all those who recently expressed their friendship in such a kindly way. While the gifts are very useful, yet it is the feelings expressed by the gifts, that are the most thoroughly appreciated.

MRS. WILLIAM HOLMES.

Calais wants a public building, and if determination counts for anything, she will get it.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

For more than forty years we have carried on a Furniture and Carpet business—there are but few housekeepers in Bethel and vicinity who have not bought of us, or at least have friends who have supplied themselves from our store.

At the present time our stock is at its very best estate—every department crowded with new things—and to use an old phrase "bristling with bargains." We know we are situated to offer just as much (and we believe a little more for the money) as any house in Maine. A few of our extra good bargains for the next ten days are to be found among the following lines:

100 Rolls Best Wool Carpets,	60c
50 Yards Best Wool Carpets, (short lengths, 5 to 20 yds.),	50c
25 Rolls Heavy, All Wool Filled,	40c
Wool Art Squares,	\$4, \$5, \$6 & \$7
5 Pc. Parlor Suites,	\$35, \$40 \$50 & \$60
Large Easy Chairs,	\$6, \$8 & \$10
Odd Sofas,	\$15, \$18 & \$22
Couches,	\$9, \$10, \$12, \$15 and so on up to \$40. We show over 35 styles of couches in all colors of upholstery.

The above is in the line of decorative and comfortable. We show some splendid money saving opportunities in the necessary things such as Chamber Sets at \$15, \$20, and \$25. Beautiful designs nicely finished. Mattresses \$3, \$4, \$5 and \$6. Spring Beds in Woven Wire, for \$2.50 and up.

FREE FREIGHT OR EXPRESS.

BRADFORD, CONANT & CO^{COMPANY}.

199-203 LISBON STREET.

LEWISTON.

OWEN, MOORE & Co.

Portland, Maine, Aug. 30 1899.

SCHOOL begins soon, and the children who go to school early in the morning and do not get home until five p. m. will need a lunch basket. We have nice ones; and not only lunch baskets, but baskets, large ones, for picnics, for flowers, for anything you may need one for.

Umbrellas.

When you have returned from your vacation trip, you may possibly find you have left your umbrella at the other end of the journey. It will be handy for some one where you left it, while you can get a new one, better quality, too, perhaps, made by one of the best makers in the world, for \$2.97. We sell a fairly good one for a dollar, and it does not pay to be without one.

One isn't enough anyway and we have just the thing you will be looking for, the next rainy day.

Handkerchiefs as well as gloves and shoes give strangers an inkling of a lady's circumstances. At our handkerchief counters every lady finds what suits her own style and pocket book. You cannot make a mistake if you purchase the Initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, daintily hemstitched and embellished with a handsome needlework initial. These are rare bargains as these go at two for 25c. This department also has an excellent quality pure linen, hemstitched handkerchief at the same price, two for a quarter.

OWEN, MOORE & CO.

FIRE INSURANCE

Agents for twenty five leading insurance companies. All kinds of insurance placed on favorable terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,
Billing's Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

OXFORD COUNTY Insurance Agency,

Established, August, 1865.

Represents the leading Fire, Life, Accident, Health, and Plate Glass Insurance Companies.

First-class farm buildings insured for 1½ per cent, for three years.

FREELAND HOWE, Agent, Norway, Maine.

Represented by Arthur E. Morrison, Rumford Falls, Me.

**WE PAY
FREIGHT.****ATKINSON FURNISHING CO'Y****CASH OR
CREDIT.**Complete House Furnishers,
LEWISTON,**MAINE.****In the Face of a Rising Market We Still
QUOTE LOW PRICES.****CHAMBER GOODS.****A Hardwood Chamber Set**
with chairs and table complete,
\$14**White Iron Beds**
with brass trimmings, all sizes, as low as
\$3.90**WOVEN WIRE SPRINGS**
to fit any size wood or iron bed.
SOFT TOP MATTRESSES,
extra deep box tick, any size,
\$2.50**Muslin Curtains,**
the best for chamber use, can be supplied for
49c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25 PR.**LAMPS** in porcelain or metal, latest shapes and effects,
\$1.50, \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00**CARPET VALUES.****AXMINSTER, MOQUETTE AND VELVET**
Carpets in the latest colors,
90c, \$1.00, \$1.10 per yard
TAPESTRY CARPETS
in all grades with prices to suit—
69c, 59c, 49c per yard**Heavy All Wool Carpets**
in immense variety of colors and patterns, the price starting at
49c YD**Straw Matting**
in Japanese and Chinese styles,
10c, 15c, 20c, 30c, 40c, 50c per yard**Floor Oil Cloths.**
a new line just received, sure to please.
15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c per yard**SOME GOOD TRADES.****VELOUR COUCHES**
with latest covers, button-tufted, good length and width,
a bargain at
\$8.90**MORRIS CHAIRS**
with reversible cushions, hardwood frames,
\$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00**Dining Tables**
furnished in golden oak style, 6 ft. extension, a large variety of
patterns,
\$4.75, \$6.00, \$8.00**FANCY ROCKERS**
in rattan and solid oak. Some of the prices,
\$2.25, \$3.00, \$3.90, \$4.50**SMYRNA RUGS**
We have two extra good values,
Size 18x36 inches, 59 cents
Size 30x40 inches, \$1.25**We can surely save you money. You are always welcome to inspect our
goods whether intending a purchase or not. Prices are marked in plain
figures. Don't neglect to give us a call.****WEST BETHEL.**

"The money spent for printers' ink
Comes back five hundred fold;
The paltry sum for ads. you sink
Returns you glittering gold.
The moral of this doggerel is—
And the secret herein lies—
No one can e'er increase their 'biz,'
Unless they advertise."

A few farmers are not yet done
haying.

Mrs. Della Murphy is in quite
feeble health.

Frank Coffeen and wife have
moved out of town.

The season of the "sere and yellow
leaf" approacheth.

Freeland Bennett and wife of
Grover Hill, were at Milton Hotel's,
Sunday.

Light rains last week, revived
the parched and drooping vegetation.

The packing of corn has begun,
but the ears are short, and fast ripening.

All aboard for the agricultural
fairs! Next week the crowd will be
in Lewiston.

A few of our town merchants
have learned the benefits of advertising
in the News.

Mrs. Mary M. Bean and son of
South Acton, Mass., are visiting
relatives in town.

Mrs. Flora Dresser of East Burke,
Vt., is visiting her parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Lewis Tyler.

Arthur Robertson and wife have
broken up housekeeping for awhile,
and left the village.

E. R. Briggs is local agent for
the News, to whom subscriptions
may be handed or arrearages paid.

Alton Smith, after spending a
few weeks in Portland, has returned
to West Bethel and is again assisting
L. Ordway in his store.

Miss Alfreda Tyler, youngest
daughter of Lewis Tyler, was married
in Shelburne, N. H., on Sunday,
Aug. 20, to Percy O'Brien of
Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Mary A. Dow of Grafton,
who is visiting her daughter, Mrs.
Hattie A. Grover, is one of the
smart old ladies of Oxford county.
She has passed her 81st birthday,
her eyesight is still quite good and
her hands are seldom idle.

Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules assist digestion.

LOCKE MILLS.

Rev. M. D. Kneeland has returned
to his home in Boston.

Curtis Abbott has been at Wood-
sum's camp the past week.

A. W. Herrick is sick, and went
to the hospital at Lewiston, Saturday.

Mrs. I. I. Young's niece, Mrs.
Chas. Symonds, has returned to her
home in Danvers, Mass.

Lafe Lapham spent Sunday at
home; he has bought a fine setter
dog, which he brought with him.

Rev. T. J. Ramsdell of South
Paris, has been spending a few
days at the home of J. D. George
on Bird Hill.

Mrs. W. H. Corliss of Upper
Gloucester, has been visiting her
sister, Mrs. Dorcas B. Farrar, the
past week.

Mr. Tebbets and Mr. Stowell,
with their families were the guests
of W. H. Pearson at Camp Com-
fort, one day last week.

Woodbury Cummings is to at-
tend the State council of the
J.O.U.A.M. at Phillips, Sept. 6, as
a delegate from the local council.

Mrs. Stephen Foster passed away
the 25th of Aug., after a long and
painful illness. Mr. Foster has
the sympathy of friends and neighbors
in his bereavement.

R. J. Virgin of Rumford Falls,
was in town, Saturday, and we un-
derstand that he is soon to return
to his old home at South Bethel,
and the people there will gladly
welcome them back.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sanguis Pills cure all kidney ills. Sam-
ple free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

MILTON PLANTATION.
E. G. Cole and family of Port-
land, have been making their an-
nual visit at D. A. Coffin's.

Miss Meda Coffin of Berlin, spent
Sunday with her mother.

C. E. Jackson and wife spent
Sunday in Yarmouthville with Mr.
Jackson's brother and sister, who
live there.

August 23, born to Mr. and Mrs.
Walter Millett, a daughter (11 lbs.)
Minot Davis and family of West
Paris, were in town Sunday.

Mrs. F. D. Lapham is working at
E. A. Barker's for a short time.

NEWRY CORNER.

"O, know ye where to look for gold
That every man may raise
The gift that blessed the world of old
The wealth of future days?"

See yonder heavy loaded wain—
'Tis found in fields of yellow grain."

Miss Nellie Howard has returned
from her visit at Gorham, N. H.

The subject of the discourse at
Union Church last Sunday was the
word "Come."

Miss Bessie Searle has returned
from Jefferson, N. H., and will
shortly commence school in Grafton.

E. R. Lane, after a short visit in
Lewiston, will stay for a time at
Framingham, Mass., with Will
Frost and family.

Our paragon is in order, and
our pastor will soon move in and
keep bachelor's hall. Then cake,
pies and other good things will be
welcome.

The Ladies' Union Circle will
meet on the afternoon and evening
of August 30, with Mrs. A. W.
Small. Ice cream and cake will
be served. All are cordially in-
vited.

On the afternoon of Thursday
last, Bear River Grange held a
meeting. In spite of the drizzly
day, there was quite a number
present. The question "Has the
Grange accomplished any good?"
was unanimously decided in the
affirmative. Select reading by
Mr. Bryant, instrumental music
by Mamie York, a song by J. R.
Howard, with the usual business
filled the time pleasantly. Arrangements
were made for a Children's
Fair to be held in the near future.

Notice.
All persons are hereby forbidden har-
boring or trusting Ida Jodray as I shall
pay no debts of her contracting after
this date. Signed, PAUL JODRAY.
Bethel, Aug. 26, 1899.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing
Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heart-
burn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your di-
gestive organs will be regulated and
you will be bright, active and ready
for any kind of work. This has
been the experience of others; it
will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are
sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

WEST LOVELL.

Clarence D. Lord went to Rum-
ford Falls after his sister Aristeon.
They returned Aug. 23.

Fred Stearns and family have
been on a visit to his brother
George, at Rumford Falls.

Mrs. Cora Nichols is at work for
William Hutchins' family at their
camp at Northwest Cove.

Miss Gertie McAllister, aged ten
years, fell from an apple tree last
Tuesday and dislocated her shoulder.

Roy LeBaron of Rumford Falls
brought his wife and son for a few
weeks' visit to his parents, Mr.
and Mrs. William LeBaron. He
returned home on Saturday.

Orlando B. Farwell of East
Bethel was on a visit to his aunt,
Mrs. Z. McAllister last week. His
grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Farwell,
who has been staying a few weeks
with her daughter, returned with
him Saturday.

UPTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder have been
spending a few weeks at H. I. Ab-
bott's.

The people of Upton have been
enjoying the company of a num-
ber of friends and relatives from
out of town, during the past week.

Mr. Furbush's classmate at An-
dover Seminary, Mr. Watson, who
is supplying at Gilead for the sum-
mer, exchanged pulpits with Mr.
Furbush, Aug. 20.

A son of Mr. Arthur Ferren of
Errol, N. H., accidentally shot him-
self, while out in the woods, Sun-
day; at first it was thought he
would not live until a doctor could
be obtained.

Miss Clara Godwin went to the
hospital in Portland, Aug. 18, and
on the following Monday, under-
went a critical surgical operation,
and is now doing well. Her sis-
ter, Mrs. Minnie Abbott, who ac-
companied her to Portland and re-
mained with her a week, is now at
home.

There was an unusually large at-
tendance at the church, last Sab-
bath morning. Several persons
came from Errol. Mr. Furbush
gave an able address from the text
"It will not let thee go except thou
bless me." He has the ability to
hold the undivided attention of his
audience.

NORTH NEWRY.

Mr. A. C. Littlehale and family
have gone to visit Mrs. Littlehale's
parents at Phillips.

Mr. Leslie Littlehale and family
returned to their home in Rock-
land, the first of the week.

School at the Branch school
house commenced last Monday,
Miss Lizzie Grover of Bethel, teach-
er.

A few boarders still remain at
the Bear River Club House; Misses
Abbott and Holt, who have been
doing table work there, have re-
turned to their homes in Bethel.

Mrs. Jonathan Bennett passed
away Thursday morning, Aug. 24,
after a brief illness. Mrs. Walker
came and cared for her mother.
Mrs. Bennett was over eighty years
old and a hard working woman in
her younger days, and a very kind
friend to us all.

ALBANY.

Archie Wilber has sold out the
mail route from Albany to Bethel,
to Herbert J. Bean.

O. W. H. Judkins and wife of
North Norway visited their son,
E. T. Judkins, Sunday.

Albany is to hold a cattle show
and fair at Hunt's corner Sept. 27.
Should the day prove rainy, it will
be held the day following.

Most of the farmers in this
vicinity have their grain harvest-
ed. The crop is pronounced quite
good considering how dry it has
been.

William Grover, who has been
at work in Lovell for the late
Howard Charles, has returned to
Albany, and is staying with Abel
Andrews.

There has been some stir among
the stock buyers of late, although
they do not talk the price of stock
up quite as high as they did one
year ago.

Schools in town will begin Sept.
11 with the exception of Songo, to
begin Sept. 18, and Lynchville, to
begin Sept. 4. Lynchville will be taught
by M. L. Knight; Dresser, Winni-
fred Browne; Clark, Ethel Mun-
roe; Town house, Ida M. Haselton;
Bennett, May E. Gould; Songo,
Kate L. Foster; Hunt's Corner,
Sadie Abbott.

NORWAY.

Walter Stearns left the shoe cut-
ting room to accept a position in
Portland.

The granite crossings on Main
and Danforth streets have been
raised several inches.

Ernest Swett is helping Frank
Holmes with his ice business, also
assisting Leon Curtis on the ex-
press wagon.

John P. Cullerian has added a
large shed to his wood yard. He
now delivers well seasoned wood
to those who wish.

Tickets are selling rapidly for
"Queen Esther." The costumes
are striking in their construction,
and the special scenery is a de-
cided help in the proper stage set-
ting of the piece. Rev. Mr. Lewis
deserves a crowded hall each even-
ing, for he has willingly devoted
weeks of hard work, to place this
cantata before the public properly
drilled and staged.

The I. O. O. F. lodge performed
the burial service Saturday at Ox-
ford, over the remains of the late
Charles W. Littlewood, who passed
away in Pueblo, Colo., Aug. 19.
Mr. Littlewood was a barber by
trade and owned a well equipped
parlor and billiard hall in Norway.
Poor health caused him to leave
for the west Aug. 8, but the long
journey proved too much in his
weakened condition.

Information was given to the
public that the officials of the
Grand Trunk are to discontinue
the passenger service on the
branch after Sept. 1. This move
throws the whole traffic upon the
Electric Street Railway Co., and
the outcome is being watched with
interest. If the decision of the
managers is not changed, sweep-
ing changes must be made in the
Electric service to accommodate
the sudden increase of travel.

How to Trap Foxes.
By my method it is as easy to catch
a fox as a house cat. Anyone wishing
the benefit of over fifty years' ex-
perience trapping foxes, making the se-
cure setting traps, etc., as done by my father
M. S. Whitney, and myself, will not
miss it by sending their plain address
and two-cent stamp to FERTLEY A. WHIT-
NEY, Bethel, Me.

WISCO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

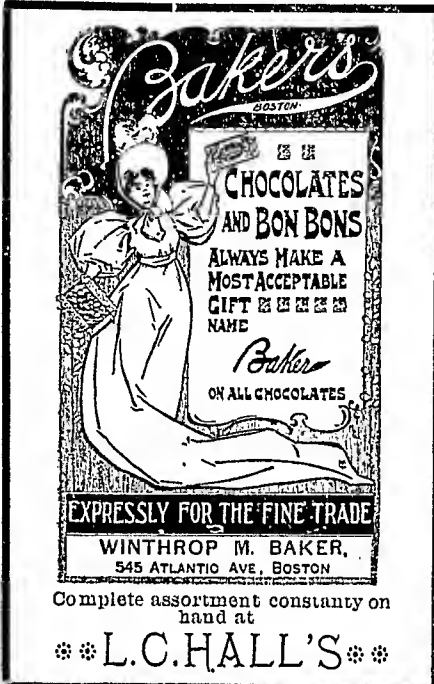
HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

DR. J. G. Gehring,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office at residence on Broad St.

E. E. RANDALL,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker
All kinds of repairing
promptly attended to.
Main Street, BETHEL, ME.

The Shaw College
and *Shorthand School*
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA BANGOR and
ROULSON, ME.
Actual Business by mail and railroad. In-
struction by mail a specialty. Department of
teleggraphy. Book keepers, clerks and stenog-
raphers furnished to business men. Free cat-
alogues.
F. L. SHAW, PRES., PORTLAND, ME.



L. B. Andrews, South Paris

Dress Goods.

New Fall and
... Winter Styles

in Dress Goods and Silks just ar-
rived from New York.
A special line of

BLACK GREPONS,
from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per yard.
(Send for Samples).

SILKS.

We have the largest assortment
we have ever shown.

Fur Collarettes,
Victorias and
Scarfs

are particularly good this season on
account of the low cut in jackets.
My line is just in and

PRICES ARE RIGHT.

GLOVES.

The globe department has not been
forgotten as you will find by inspect-
ing our line.

You will find special bargains in
Summer Goods in every department.
Clothing and Dry Goods.

You will want something new for
the Fall, come and look over our two
large stocks—you will surely find
something that you want.

You will get just what you buy,
and prices are guaranteed to be the
lowest.

Remember the Place

L. B. ANDREWS...

C. W. Bowker's
New Store,

South Paris, Maine.

BETHEL AND ITS NEEDS.

Just at this time there is in
Bethel considerable, valuable vil-
lage real estate for sale. The fact
is really no indication of a lessened
business prosperity. Circum-
stances having little reference to
local business conditions, have
placed this real estate in the mar-
ket.

Bethel has lost none of its in-
dustries, but on the other hand,
all are doing an increased business
at this time, with good prospects
ahead. A few years ago, Bethel
had quite a building boom, and
several houses were erected. Since
that time there has been no in-
creased demand for rents, as the
call for labor in the local indus-
tries has remained about station-
ary. At the present time, how-
ever, desirable rents are scarce.
Each year, some building is done.
This season, at least three sets of
buildings will be completed. It
seems to be the policy of those
possessing capital not to erect
more houses than the business of
the village requires, and under
this plan, few vacant tenements
are found.

To the average casual observer
unacquainted with the business of
the town, Bethel may seem to be
rather slow and unprogressive,
but in looking back a number of
years, much advancement is noted.
For ten years past, the growth of
the village has been steady, and
taxable property has considerably
increased. During this ten years,
the school facilities have greatly
improved under the new method
of consolidation, and the introduc-
tion into the village schools of the
graded system. The new brick
school building has been built by
the town at an expense of nearly
\$15,000, and five or six new school
buildings have been erected in the
outlying sections. Also during
this decade, one new church, the
Methodist, has been built, and a
large chapel has been added to
each of the other two village
churches. The large Cole block on
Main street, has been built during
this time, and several fine private
residences, besides many houses
for renting purposes. A fine
water system has been put in,
making possible the birth and de-
velopment of an excellent fire
department, and a consequent re-
duction in insurance rates. The
streets have been greatly improv-
ed, and considerable curbing and
concrete sidewalk put in. All
these improvements have been
going on slowly, and the end is not
yet. The village is confessedly
behind the times in lighting facili-
ties, and still clings to the kero-
sene street lamps. But this con-
dition of things results more from
necessity than desire, inasmuch as
lack of sufficient available power
is the obstacle which as yet re-
mains to be overcome. The ques-
tion of electric lighting is ever
present, and more or less agitation
relative to it is continually going
on.

Another thing that Bethel
wants, and badly too, is a sewer
system, but the time does not
seem ripe to get it, although the
condition of things demands it.
Some start has been made along
this line, but the cost of an extend-
ed line has always appeared pro-
hibitive. Unless the town volun-
tarily moves in the matter before
a great while, measures may be
necessary to compel action. There
has been considerable talk of or-
ganizing a corporation for the
purpose of putting in a sewer sys-
tem, but nothing has as yet ma-
terialized. But the question will
not down, and sooner or later, and
that at no distant day, sewers
must come.

Another thing which Bethel
wants is a National Bank or a
Trust Company, an institution
through which a general banking
business may be done. This pro-
ject has been talked by the busi-
ness men of Bethel quite freely
during the past few months, and
it is thought that nearly enough
capital would be subscribed in
town, and by former residents and
their friends. Whatever banking
business is done in town, is now
done through the Savings Bank,
which cannot under the law do
much of the kind of business de-
manded by the business public.
The large outlying section which
makes Bethel its centre, reaches
in all directions many miles, and
includes within its compass many
important industries. The im-

mense lumbering business done
near Bethel, and which makes the
village its headquarters, would
furnish a good feeder to a banking
institution. Not until the system
of checks came into so common
use was the urgent necessity for a
National Bank so much felt, but
now when almost every person
who does any business or handles
any money in a business way,
keeps a bank account, and checks
are used almost entirely in busi-
ness, the want is more keenly felt
and business interests are consid-
erably hampered and inconven-
ienced because of the lack. It is
one of the several traits of Bethel,
and one which can be supplied
without expense to the municipal-
ity.

Summer visitors are a source of
much income to Bethel. Each
year brings many new ones to the
hotels and several private homes
which have found this industry
agreeable and profitable. Many
farmers are making this quite a
business in the summer season,
and no one who desires, goes long
without a plenty of summer board-
ers. The town and village are be-
ginning to realize that if this in-
dustry is to be fostered and ex-
tended, some effort must be made
to render the surroundings as in-
viting and attractive as possible,
and hence the agitation of all the
foregoing questions, and others
perhaps of lesser importance. No
village has greater natural beauty
and facilities to please and attract
the summer visitor than has Beth-
el, and few villages are there
where the owners of property keep
their buildings and grounds so
neat and tidy. Each year the im-
provement in the general outward
appearance of the village is more
marked. The work of one resident
arouses the pride of his neighbor,
and the spirit of improvement is
developed throughout the length
and breadth of the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD SOL'S RIDE IN 1849.

Flowery Weather Predictions of the
Journalists of Long Ago.

In these days of practical news-
paper writing, in which bald facts are
expressed in the plainest and tersest
form, the flowery language indulged
in by some of the "journalists" half a
century ago sounds peculiar. The
following poetic convulsion was copied
by one of the local papers from the
New York Tribune in 1849 as worthy
of a high place in the newspaper lit-
erature of the day.

"On Saturday evening at 17 minutes
past 11 o'clock the sun rode calmly
and mildly over the autumnal equinox
and cast his golden anchor on the vigi-
lance of autumn. But as yet the
vast ocean of air through which he
sails is glowing and transparent with
the memory of the long summer days
that have passed over it, darting their
rich beams to its very depths. Even
as we write, however, the remem-
brance fades, like the sky's blanching
souvenirs of sunset, and in the dis-
tance the cold ghosts of winter glare
and wave their frozen wings, which
creak on icy hinges, while in the sil-
ence of midnight a prophetic voice of
warning and desolation moans fitfully
at the casement."

Few people can contemplate this
specimen of literary architecture with-
out experiencing a feeling of awe and
sadness, with a few cold shivers on
the side. It is proof positive that the
profession has in some things gained
by what it has lost.—Albany Argus.

Mutton Lambs.
Every sheepman in the country—and
there are close to 1,000,000 of them—
can profit by the demand for mutton
lambs. All that is needed is to breed
and raise them. It is folly for one
to talk about poor sheep times when
good sheep times are at one's door.

IF YOU HAVE PAIN IN YOUR BACK,

Let us give you a piece of advice: Pain
in the back is an almost infallible sign
of kidney disease; a sure sign is the
condition of your urine, if you have a
pain in the back then look to the con-
dition of your urine. It is easily done.
Take a glass tumbler and fill it with
urine, after it has stood 24 hours; if it
has a sediment, if it is milky or cloudy,
if it is pale or discolored, stringy or
ropy, your kidneys and bladder are in
a dangerous condition and need im-
mediate attention, or the consequences
may prove fatal.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
is the one medicine that really
cures all diseases of the kidneys, liver,
bladder and blood, Rheumatism, Dys-
pepsia and Chronic Constipation and
corrects the bad effects of whiskey and
beer on the system. It is wonderful
how it makes that pain in the back dis-
appear, how it relieves the desire to
urinate often, especially at night, and
drives away that scalding pain in pass-
ing water and in a remarkably short
time makes you well and strong. Dr.
David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is
sold at all drug stores for \$1.00 a bottle,
or six bottles for \$5.00.

If you would like to try this wonderful
medicine you can do so absolutely free.
Send your full name and address to the
DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORA-
TION, Rondout, N. Y., when a free
trial bottle, together with a pamphlet
of valuable medical advice, will be sent
you by mail postpaid, providing you
mention this paper when you write.
The publishers of this paper guarantee
the genuineness of this liberal offer.

SCIENTIFIC.

Compressed Air as a Mail Carrier.

In these days of scientific devel-
opment, people have come to look
upon what would have a few years
ago seemed miraculous, as ordina-
ry, and hardly anything, no mat-
ter how marvelous, appears to im-
press their minds.

Among the inventions which
have so revolutionized the trans-
mission of news, thought, and
speech in recent years, not the
least effective, but perhaps the
least talked of, is the sending of
mail matter through pneumatic
tubes. In the cities of New York,
Boston, and Philadelphia, the sys-
tem is extensively used. The
greater portion of the mail from
New York proper to Brooklyn,
passes through two large tubes,
which run over Brooklyn bridge.
In Boston, the bulk of the mail
matter between the new railroad
station and the post office is sent in
these tubes. Many foreign cities,
like London, Paris, Vienna and
Berlin, use these tubes in great
numbers, and undoubtedly all the
larger cities of the world will adopt
the system, not only for mail mat-
ter, but for smaller articles of ex-
press matter. There exist im-
mense possibilities along this line,
and development is fast going on.
The philosophy of the system is
simple enough, the force used be-
ing compressed air. The carriers,
which are sent in the tubes, are
about two feet long and eight
inches wide; they hold some 600
letters. The city post offices have
openings into these tubes and as
the mail matter is made up, it is
placed in the opening communicat-
ing with the proper tube, the force
is turned on, and the silent mes-
senger rushes on through the dark-
ness to its destination. Starting
with a rate of about a mile in two
minutes, it increases until it
reaches a speed of a mile a minute,
or more. Almost while one speaks
of the marvel, a carrier passes from
the post office in New York to
Brooklyn or to Grand Central Sta-
tion. It is estimated that 125,350
letters pass over Brooklyn bridge
per day by this method, to say
nothing of some 20,000 papers.

In Paris, the underground tube
starts from a central station, and
makes the complete round of the
city, touching at all intervening
stations, like a local train, and fi-
nally returns to the starting place.
In London, the system is radical.
The post office is the central, and
separate lines run to the outlying
points and back. London has 34
miles of pneumatic tubes, and Ber-
lin 28 miles.

No one is surprised at the pro-
position to lay a tube under the
English channel from London to
Paris. It seems possible, but
it will be a difficult task on account
of engineering obstacles to be
overcome. Yet science will ulti-
mately succeed in effecting the
success of the project. It has been
suggested by some far seeing
optimist that at no distant day we
shall be able to visit Europe with-
out encountering the dangers of
the sea, that we shall be fired
across under the Atlantic through
a large tube. This of course is
not practicable, but it shows the
reach of the mind along this line.

We may at least look for great
strides in the development of
this method of communication
during the next few years. Not
only for sending mail matter, but
also for the purpose of transport-
ing merchandise, and all articles
like books, flowers and packages
of all kinds will this method prob-
ably soon be used. Its general
adoption will be a great saving of
time, and economy of time and
force in the accomplishment of a
given thing is what is being sought
in the mad rush of to-day.

What Not to Say.

Do not say, "I can't eat." Take
Hood's Sarsaparilla and say, "I am
hungry all the time, and food
never hurts me."

Never say to your friends that
you are as tired in the morning as
at night. If they happen to be
sharp they will tell you Hood's
Sarsaparilla cures that tired feel-
ing.

Do not say, "My face is full of
pimples." You are quite likely to
be told by some one, "There's no
need of that, for Hood's Sarsaparil-
la cures pimples."

It is improper and unnecessary
to say, "My health is poor and my
blood is bad." Hood's Sarsaparilla
will give you good blood, and good
health will follow as a natural con-
sequence.

Maine's Greatest Store

ALL HAIR COUCH

\$15.00

At this price we offer an all hair filled couch, built to order in our
workshop. It is full size, has spring edge and comfortable tufting, and
may be covered with almost any pattern of Corduroy, Velour or Tapestry
that you may select.

We Pay the Freight

to your railroad station.

Will be sent on approval to be returned at our expense if not entirely
satisfactory.

Samples of hair and coverings mailed on request.

Oren Hooper's Sons
PORTLAND, ME.

SPORTING

Fishing Tackle, Base Ball Goods.

Cold Soda,

Ice Cream in any quantity.

Paints, Oils, Colors, Var-
nishes, Brushes and all
supplies for painting.

Wall Paper and Ceilings,
large stock of choice patterns.

Curtains & Curtain Poles.

Wiley's Drug Store.

Flour,
Grain
and Feed

are our
Specialties

—But we have a large line of—

Groceries, Provisions, Lime, Plaster
and Cement.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON.

Hardware
Dealers

Hastings Brothers.

Opposite the
Post Office

We have the largest stock of Stoves, Ranges, Heaters and Furnaces in Oxford County. We want you to come and see our line, for we know that you can find just what you want for a stove. Our prices are at the lowest point.

IT'S GETTING CHILLY



Are you prepared for the cold weather—have you a good stove? Our lines of stoves this year will consist of the

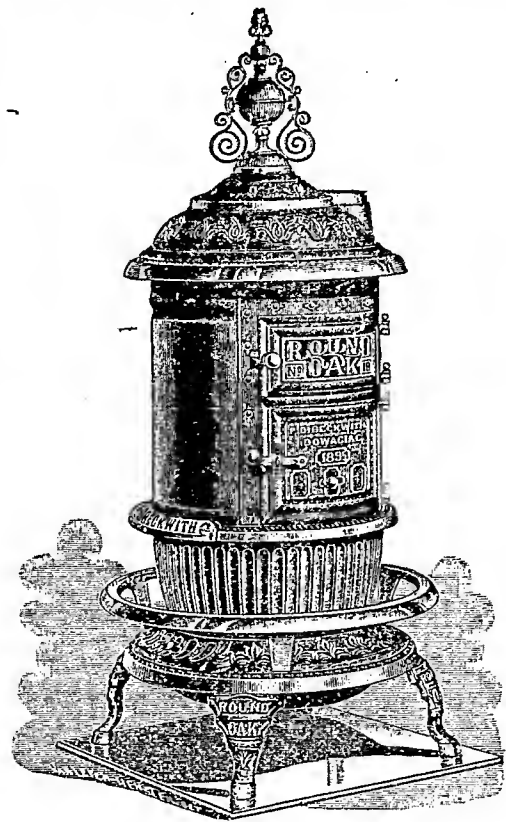
Round Oak, and Clarion Heaters. Imperial Clarion, Our State & Oakwood Ranges, Made by Wood, Bishop & Co., Bangor.

Also a Full Line of GARLAND RANGES & HEATERS MONITOR WOOD FURNACE, (Three sizes) We have handled these stoves for many years and they have always given satisfaction. Come in and see them.



"Premium Garland."

A new Air-Tight, First-Class wood stove of oval shape, cast-iron top and bottom, with latest air-tight joint which becomes more air-tight as the stove is used. Body is polished steel, lined with sheet steel. No rods to burn out.



Beckwith's Round Oak Stoves.

We have sold the Round Oak stoves for years, and they are too well known to need a lengthy description—you should call and see them, they're sure to please.

The CLARION.

The Clarion heater has achieved a reputation which no other stove has gained and stands at the front to-day as a first-class wood stove. Top tips back giving a full size 8 inch cover for cooking or heating purposes, and swinging to the left gives an opening for wood 12x18 inches allowing the use of the largest blocks of wood. They are mounted with such nicety that fire can be kept through the night without replenishing, making a nice open, or a perfectly air-tight stove.



HICKORY-GARLAND

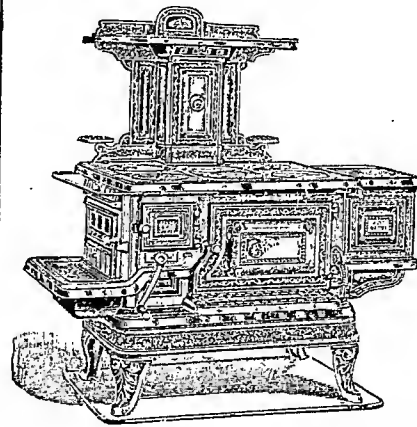
(Box stove) for wood, with swing top.

IVY-GARLAND, Jr.

For Wood or Coal.

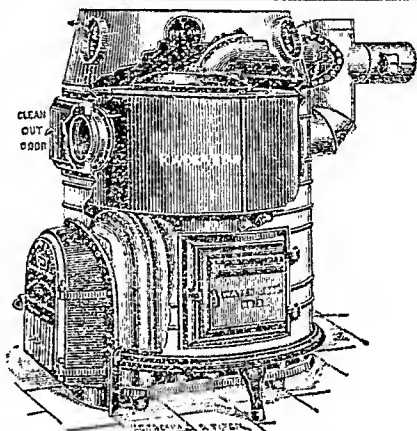
Latest and most artistically designed cottage stove. Fullest and best proportioned. Large end door for wood, with ash hearth, illuminated front, fret-work swing cover, griddle hole top with two covers and short centre back shelf. False fire box for wood. Swing front grate for wood. Ornamental iron in nickel and copper. Rods mounted on outside.

Aluminum is mixed with the iron from which all Garlands are made. This mixture adds strength, prevents blow-holes and is a benefit in every way.



All Ranges Made by Wood, Bishop & Company

are fitted with a perfectly direct draft, allowing a fire to be started as quickly as in the old cook stoves. The top of the ovens are covered with asbestos to prevent cracking, and they have never had an oven break since putting in asbestos. The ranges are fitted with a detachable door plate under the fire door, allowing the bottom grate to be removed without disturbing the back or front, or, in case the range is piped with hot water, without disturbing the coil.



MONITOR WOOD FURNACE.

Most Powerful Wood Furnace Ever Sold

No. 38 for 3 ft. wood.
No. 50 for 4 ft. wood.

We warrant it to produce more heat from the same amount of fuel than any other furnace of its size.

All Castings for the Brick Cooking Furnaces.

HASTINGS BROTHERS,

BETHEL

WILSON'S MILLS.

Mrs. F. T. Pennock is working at F. A. Flint's.

Ivy Brooks was down from the Lake the first of the week.

S. W. Bennett is guiding Mr. Estabrook of Nashua, N. H.

Quite a large party of sportsmen are tenting by the river bank.

R. S. Bean is down to Lake Umbagog, helping fight forest fires.

Mrs. E. L. Johnson and family have been visiting at F. A. Flint's.

Mr. Vaughn and his son-in-law, Mr. Olson of Stark, were in town Tuesday.

R. A. Storey and Winthrop Estabrook were down from the Lake Saturday.

Albert Taylor and George Chandler started for their home in Boston last Saturday.

J. W. Bucknam and wife, who were expected home last week, were detained in Avon by the death of their adopted sister, Miss Winnie Bucknam.

NORTH ALBANY.

Aaron Kenerson and wife are visiting here.

Eustace Bennett and wife were at their home in this place, Sunday.

Mrs. Pingree had a pleasant call from her friend, Mrs. Mills, last Sunday.

Moses L. Mason and wife have been in Portland the past week, visiting friends.

There was a game of base ball between the Mason and No. Albany boys, last Saturday.

Mrs. Seldon J. Gould and Miss Mary Cummings visited their cousin, Mrs. M. W. Pingree, last Saturday.

ORDERS FOR COOKING.

I wish to say to the Bethel people that I am in a position to furnish Brown Bread and Beans Saturday nights; beans cooked in a brick oven. I shall also keep bread, doughnuts and cookies constantly on hand. Any other cooking, including luncheons for travelers and picnic parties furnished throughout the summer at twenty-four hours notice.

Orders may be left at the News office.
Mrs. WALTON WIGHT,
Bethel, Me.

HANOVER.

Mr. and Mrs. Dodge have arrived in town.

Miss Jessie Thomas has gone to Massachusetts.

Miss Florence Mitchell has gone to Milan, N. H.

Mr. Swain has recently lost a valuable horse.

The Good Templars had a picnic at Screw Anger Falls, last week.

Mr. J. D. Kimball, wife and daughter recently visited at Roxbury Pond.

Mr. Simeon Frost and Mr. Kirke Barker departed for Framingham, Mass., last week.

Chesley Saunders saw two deer beside the road, as he was returning from Newry.

The selectmen of Hanover sold at auction Saturday afternoon, the goods of the late Mrs. Knapp.

Miss Stafford and friend, who have been boarding at Wm. Russell's, returned to Boston, to-day.

Mr. Fred Heuse, who has been visiting at M. J. Swain's, has returned to Kingfield; his wife will remain some weeks longer.

BRYANT POND.

A number of the schools in town began last Monday.

Dr. Carroll after being confined to his room for eight weeks, is able to go down stairs.

Mrs. Fannie Littlefield and daughter Florence, were at Westbrook all last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Win. Small of Westbrook, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Littlefield last Saturday.

Everett and Thomas Halkett have returned to their home in Bridgton; their cousin, Eddie Peverly accompanied them.

Dexter Peverley and wife visited at A. J. Farrar's, in Dickvale, recently, also called on friends at West Peru and Rumford Fall.

Wesley Robinson went to Rumford Falls last Saturday. A game of ball was played by the B. P. nine and the R. F. nine. Score, 7-3 in favor of R. F.'s.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-cure, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cures guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

SOUTH PARIS.

Our High school begins next Monday, Sept. 4.

Miss M. E. Lewis of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Murphy.

Mr. Geo. Cutting Jr. visited his sister at North Paris last week.

Mr. Chas. Brett went plover shooting, last week, and returned home with a fine bag of birds.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson, who has been at Gorham, N. H., the past two months, returned home last week.

Several young men of this town have joined Co. D N. S. G. Two or three others are talking seriously of enlisting in the regular army.

Burnham & Morrill's corn factory, No. 1, began work Tuesday. Women will feed the cutting machines this year, instead of men, as has been the custom.

Mr. Leonard Cole is general agent for the Bethel News. Mr. Cole's Paris friends wish him success in his new field, and as he is a hustler, there is no doubt but he will succeed.

The cantata Esther is being played at Norway this week. The cantata is an excellent thing, and the cast is composed of talent from So. Paris and Norway, with the addition of Miss Jane Gibson of Bethel. Music is furnished by Stearns and Norseworthy's orchestra. Large crowds attend the performances each evening, and it's success is assured.



My Mother gives me BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF, For Coughs, Colds, Colic, Cholera, Morbue, Dysentery, Cramps, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, etc. I THINK IT IS REAL NICE TO TAKE.

Prepared by NORWAY MEDICINE CO., Norway, Me.

HEALTHY INFLUENCE

Pure Bred Stock and the Intellectual Life of the Family.

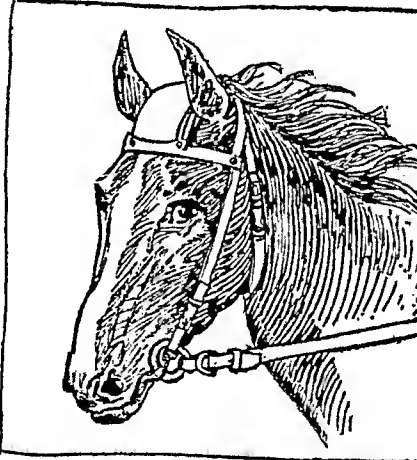
Quite apart from the enhanced market value pure bred stock has another value which is not always estimated at its true worth—the value of its influence upon the intellectual life of the family. One only needs to go into the family home on the farm where pure bred cattle, horses, sheep or swine are reared to be convinced of the reality and the beneficence of this influence, said Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith in a recent address. If other proof is needed, it may be had by comparing or contrasting a home on such a farm with one on the farm devoted to grain farming. It has been said that wheat farming debauches the mentality of the farmer. While this is probably too strong a characterization, yet it graphically suggests the mental vigor promoted by the life on the stock farm. There are some phases of the profession of farming not always well defined in our own thoughts. It is well worth while to consider some of these in their relation to the intellectual life of the farm family. For example, the circle of acquaintance and the associations which inevitably follow one's identification with any particular pure breed of live stock will widen the mental horizon; also the range of reading—imperative if one would keep abreast of the advance being made by all the pure breeds—will itself strengthen the understanding and broaden the general intelligence. Then, too, the study of nature's methods, the mysteries of heredity, the influence of environment, bring one into intimate sympathetic touch with the great forces or laws that wait upon and reward our intelligence or perience punish our ignorance.

The more than human response in affection and absolute trust which the horse, and even the Southdown, will make to the master's care teaches the highest lesson concerning our obligation to others. And all these lessons are so easily, so imperceptibly, transferred to other planes of life, where they influence conduct and destiny. When one appreciates intelligently and sympathetically the high privilege of controlling the conditions that create vegetable and animal life he may get a glimpse of that perfect love and perfect justice divinity exercises toward its creatures.

If intellectual vigor is given an outlet on the stock farm, equally true is it that intellectual vigor finds a noble field in the farm home. There have been many definitions of the word "home," all showing some phase that appeals to the speaker. An inclusive definition is something like this: Home is a place and an opportunity for the complete development of the physical, mental and spiritual natures and inferentially for the same enjoyment of life. The farm home offers peculiar opportunities for the development of the physical. This goes without saying. A happy childhood in the open air is the inheritance of the farm child, and the force of sunlight, pure air and exercise are well nigh conclusive in determining physical completeness. The nearest to great forces in vegetable and animal life, if at all utilized, must awaken powers of observation and strengthen the judgment by contemplation of cause and effect—the direct adaptation of means to an end so conclusively taught by the recurring seasons and the continuous round of animate and inanimate life must have incalculable effect upon the mentality.

Sunbonnet For Horses.

An exceedingly unobtrusive storm or sunshade for horses has been designed by Schooler C. Harn of Bladensburg, O. It is a cup of a general flat shape



PROTECTION FOR HORSES' HEADS.

and designed to fit closely to the head of the animal. Inside of this a damp sponge may be placed in warm weather, and in cold weather it acts alone as a protection from the wet and cold. One of the features of this patent is the arrangement of slotted feet on the bottom, which permits of its instant adjustment to any harness without straps or buckles.

Keeping Boar Pigs.

It is considerable extra trouble to keep a male pig until he is old enough for service as a boar. There is, besides, some loss on doing so, as the boar pig after he is a year old has not so well flavored meat nor so much fat as the shote or castrated male pig. But if a farmer has a considerable herd of sows which he wants to breed from it is less loss to keep a boar than to drive the sows to where one may be found. The service of a well bred boar should not be less than \$1 for each sow that he serves. The hog kept for a breeder should not be allowed to get fat, and if he has many sows to serve is not likely to do so. It is this that makes so many farmers refuse to keep a boar.—Boston Cultivator.

What stops Neuralgia? Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

SHE BUNKOED CHOLLY.

How the Clever Girl Won a Bet From the Dude.

"Cholly," remarked Mr. Fitzmoodle Flushington, with something that might have been taken for a gleam of intelligence flitting his vacuous face, "if you want to meet clever girls go down and spend a month at one of those southern resorts."

"Ah they great, old chap?" inquired Cholly as he flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Rawhah. I met a girl down at one of 'em that beat any girl I evah met before. What that girl didn't know wasn't worth knowing, old man; deuced clever, really."

"How did she show it, me boy?"

"Well, she was a piece down there with a bathing float attached to the end of it. The float, ye know, lay about six feet below the end of the pier, quite a drop, ye know. One night I was talking to the girl on the veranda, and I suggested that the pier offered an opportunity for a good bicycle ride if it weren't for the danger of dropping off the end and taking a tumble of six feet to the float below. The girl looked at me and said that even if one did strike the float it wouldn't matter."

"Why, I'll ride down head and out on the raft," she said. "You daren't," I replied. She turned up her nose and asked me what I'd bet. I bet her twenty-five dollars and a box of flowers. She told me to be out there in the morning and I'd see her do it. I was then bright and early. And blow my eyes, old man, she did do it!"

"Not a bit. The tide had raised the float to a level with the pier, and at the end she just rolled out upon it on her wheel. Deuced clever, wasn't it?"

—Detroit Free Press.

Strange Feats of Eye and Hand. An expert who prided himself upon the smallness of his writing sent the president of the French academy a grain of wheat on which he had written 221 words. A Polish poet wrote all of Homer's "Iliad" on a piece of paper which could be rolled up small enough to go into a nutshell.

In the sixteenth century a man named Mark offered to Queen Elizabeth a gold chain of 50 links. The chain was so fine it could not be seen unless it was put on a sheet of white paper. To prove its lightness Mark tied it to a fly, which flew away with it. The most curious fact in this matter, which required so extraordinary a facility of touch for making this ornament, was that Mark was a blacksmith, accustomed to all kinds of heavy tools all day long.

A Spaniard, Joseph Faba, made a carriage as large as a grain of wheat. Under a magnifying glass it was possible to see the interior fitted up with seats, every detail being carried out to perfection.—Kansas City Journal.

Ripans Tabules; pleasant laxative.

Classified Advertisements

Small Advertisements under the head of Wanted, For Sale, etc., set solid without display.

30 words, 1 week, - 25c

3 weeks, - 50c

Extra space pro rata.

Average 15 words a line.

FOR SALE.

A few fine bred Shepherd pups, also mother of the same, two years old, and a good cattle dog, cheap. Inquire at Bethel House.

The Kelliher house and lot located at the corner of Church and Railroad streets in Bethel Hill Village. To be sold at a bargain. Call or communicate with HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

LOST.

On June 17, between Newry Corner and Grafton, a watch, the number being 5013342. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to G. M. Wheeler.

WANTED.

At once, a good live man to do some work on the road. Steady work and good salary to right party. Inquire at the News office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond,	2.05	6.05
Gorham,	3.51	8.25
Gilead,	—	8.40
West Bethel,	—	8.53
BETHEL,	4.27	9.04
Locke's Mills,	—	9.13
Bryant Pond,	4.41	9.21
South Paris,	5.09	9.53
Portland,	6.40	1.40

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

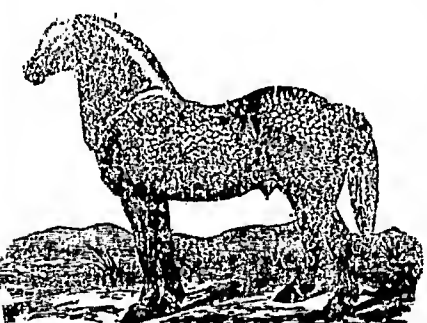
	P. M.	A. M.
Portland,	8.30	1.30
South Paris,	10.13	3.33
Bryant Pond,	10.48	4.18
Locke's Mills,	10.55	4.27
BETHEL,	11.05	4.38
West Bethel,	11.12	4.46
Gilead,	11.25	4.59
Gorham,	11.50	5.35
Island Pond,	1.50	8.00

Sunday paper train leaves Portland going west at 8.30 a. m., South Paris 10.19, Bryant Pond 10.51, Locke's Mills 10.59, Bethel 11.10, West Bethel 11.20, Gilead 11.24, Gorham 12.00, arriving in Bethel 12.15.

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2.05 a. m., and the one which leaves Portland at 8.30 p. m., run every day; all others every day except Sunday.

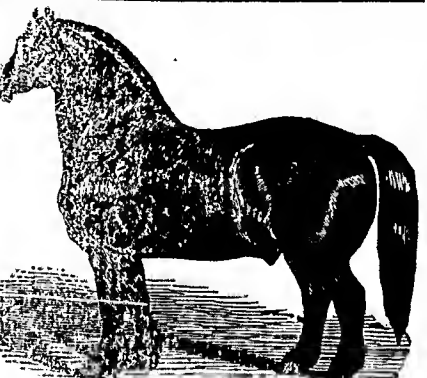
EXCURSION.

Sunday excursion train leaves Portland at 8.30, arrives at Bethel at 11.30. Returning, leaves Bethel at 5.07 p. m.



According to our usual spring custom I will receive 2 cars (40) Horses each week, Tuesday and Friday, commencing April 4, '99. Sizes 1000 to 1800 lbs. Prices low as ever. \$75 to \$110 buys a young sound horse, (extra large and fancy may cost a little more). A large stock of harness. We are pleased to show goods. Correspondence solicited.

JONAS EDWARDS,
AUBURN, - MAINE.
TELEPHONE CALL.....54-3.



I wish to say to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I have opened a Salo Stable at my place in Bethel, and will keep a large stock of horses, weighing from 1000 to 1600 each, constantly on hand. If you need a good horse, come to me and I will please you.

L. U. BARTLETT,
BETHEL, - MAINE.

CALL AT

R. E. L. FARWELL'S.

and see
what you can find
that is

good to eat.

If you don't see what you want,
ask for it.

Our Young Readers

The Little Chaplain.

Earl Richard, one of Britain's peers,
Is lord of many a mile
Of thrifty English soil, and lives
In proud baronial style.
He has his castle, famed in song,
And every Sunday in his hall
His chaplain kneels in prayer.
No earl am I; I have no lands;
A man of low degree,
No liveried servants doff the hat
And bend the knee to me.
And yet, though boasting no estates,
And though my purse is light,
I have a chaplain too, and he
Prays for me every night.
He is a little fair haired boy
That scarce five years hath seen,
With dimpled cheek and melting eye.
Fond voice and winsome mien,
And when he dons his robe of white,
Ere lying down to sleep,
He folds his sinless hands, and prays
The Lord my soul to keep.

My little chaplain! none but God
Knows how I love the boy.
Each day that dawns, each night that falls,
He floods my heart with joy.
Oh! I have been a better man
Since he to me was given;
His simple trust and guileless ways
Have drawn me nearer Heaven.

-Anon.

The Stars and Stripes.

"That one isn't as pretty as ours, anyway!" Esther cried triumphantly.

"No, indeed—not half," agreed Leigh. "If all faded out-y!"

"An there's free holes into it!" chimed in Midget.

Grandpa swung round on his seat and regarded the three little girls on the back seat gravely.

"The most beautiful flag I ever saw had holes in it," he said. "It was all 'faded out-y' and soiled and frayed, but it was beautiful. We cheered it."

The older children instinctively understood and sat silent, with solemn little faces.

"Why!" cried the Midget. "An holes into it—an' dirty?"

"Was it after a battle, grandpa?" Leigh asked softly, after a few minutes.

Grandpa's stooped shoulders straightened grandly. Esther thought how much he looked as if it were Decoration day and he was marching in the procession, with a gold cord around his hat. She always liked to see him at the head of his company.

"Yes, it was after a battle—and a victory," grandpa said, and how his eyes shone down on the back seat from under their shaggy gray brows? "We boys were dirty and frayed, too, and some of us were full of holes—poor fellows! But we cheered the old flag—how we cheered it!"

Dick, on the front seat beside grandpa, straightened his shoulders too, and threw up his small brown head. He was wishing he could have cheered grandpa's battle-flag with the other boys.

They rode along farther, and there were more flags to count and to compare with the flag at home. Almost all the houses had a flag, and some of them a good many. They took the breeze bravely and floated and waved as if they were proud of themselves. By and by grandpa turned down a poorer street, lined with topping tenement houses.

"O grandpa, what we going down this street for?" Dick cried, in a little disgust.

"To see the flags," grandpa said, and he pointed to a tiny Old Glory that fluttered from a window high above the sidewalk.

And sure enough, the dismal little street was full of little Old Glories! They were very tiny ones indeed, but they all had the stars and stripes in them, and they seemed to be proud of themselves, too.

"Oh, my, seems as if the world was brim-over full o' flags!" sighed Leigh, happily. "There isn't any end to 'em."

But there was a beginning," said grandpa quietly, nodding over his shoulder.

"Truly? But of course there was!" Esther exclaimed, laughing.

"My! Was there ever just one flag in the country?" Dick cried; "just one, grandpa?"

"Just one flag—the very first one of all, Dick. Who can guess who drew the design for it?"

"I guess it was Adam!" Esther said, promptly.

"And Eve sewed the stripes together," finished Leigh.

made his shirt ruffles to make the first flag of all the flags in this country, and he sat in her little back room and made the plan for it. Thirteen stripes and thirteen stars—the first Old Glory. That lady made all the flags for the government until she died, and then her sister took up the work. Mustn't it have been glorious work?"

"Oh, yes!" murmured Esther, dreamily. "I'd have loved to sew that my own self. It would have been glorious to prick my fingers making a flag!"

"How long ago did that woman make the very first one, grandpa?" asked Dick, suddenly, his tiny brown freckles aglow with interest.

"Well," grandpa said, "it was in the year 1776, and you can reckon for yourselves how long ago that was."

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

How Basil Crossed Over.

BY ELLA J. FRAZER.

Avis is a little girl whose home is in the great city of London. Every morning she goes to school in charge of her great St. Bernard dog, Basil, who walks proudly at her side, waving his bushy tail majestically, and never deigning to glance at the little street curs who express their opinion of his state by short barks of derision. A crowded thoroughfare had to be crossed each day, and Avis had taught Basil to run ahead a few steps and bark loudly at the policeman, whose duty it is to stop all traffic until the foot-passengers are safely over.

One morning Avis awoke with a sore throat, and her mother would not allow her to go to school. But Basil, whose throat was not sore, saw no reason why he should be deprived of his usual morning walk, and at the accustomed hour he slipped quietly away. With his usual grand air he walked down the street until he came to the crossing.

The policeman stood in the middle of the road, which was packed with omnibuses, hacks, and hansoms. At the sound of his familiar bark he held up his baton, and immediately the crowded 'buses and the other vehicles were drawn up solidly in line.

In response to the wave of his hand, who should step out on the crossing but Basil! He made his way deliberately across to the opposite side-walk, apparently quite unaware that he was doing a most unusual thing for a dog, while the omnibus drivers, the passengers, and the dazed policeman burst into a hearty laugh as they realized how, unconsciously the knowing dog had tricked them all.

To the Children.

For many weeks past we have been obliged to omit the reading for the young people, in order to insert matter which we were obliged to use.

With our increased space we hope to be able to continue our plan of this week of a department for the boys and girls. We know this will please our young readers, for many inquiries have been made as to its omission during the past weeks. We ask your co-operation in making this a successful feature of the News. Who will furnish something for next week? A letter telling how you have spent your vacation; a description of some place you have visited; or some point of interest near your own home will prove of much interest to others. The News reaches some little folks who are not able to be out of doors or enjoy many of the sports that perhaps are sources of much pleasure to you, and letters, original stories, essays, etc., are of great interest to them, and are eagerly looked for. Many thanks to the boys and girls who send a little sunshine for the coming weeks.

Children's Sayings from Many Sources.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells an amusing story at his own expense. During his stay in Wiltshire one summer he met little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, and being very fond of children, took her in the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling might be tired of the child, called her, and said, "Now Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the small

celebrity, "but he has been wearying me."

"I hope they don't give my little boy any naughty nicknames in school?"

"Yes, ma, they call me 'Corns.'"

"How dreadful; and why do they call you that?"

"'Cause I'm always at the foot of the class."

The Donkey's Feelings.

Little Jack had a picture book given him on his birthday. Suddenly he came running to his mother and said, "Mamma, do animals know what they are called?"

"No."

Jack uttered a sigh of relief and remarked, "It would have been so unpleasant for the donkey, wouldn't it?"

Three Little Girls From Japan.

Three little girls from Japan—
Doll and Molly and Nan—
With flower and comb and fan,
Three little girls from Japan!

When mother calls them to tea,
What do you think she will see?
Doll and Molly and Nan,
Three little girls from Japan!

"She'll never guess it is we!"
And Molly laughs out with glee.
"Will it give her a fright?" says Nan,
Three little girls from Japan!

"She's calling!" cries Doll. "I hear!"
And her hand goes up to her ear;
Oh, what a beautiful plan!
Three little girls from Japan!

—Cassell's Little Folks.

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures, have made it a great favorite with the people everywhere.

For sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, A. S. Bean W. Bethel, W. H. Crockett Locke Mills, J. W. Bennett Gilead, A. R. Small & Son Bryant Pond.

GOULD'S ACADEMY,
BETHEL, ME.

Sixty-fourth Year Opens
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1899

with a complete corps of competent teachers

Students Fitted for College, for Teaching, or for Business Life.

EXPENSES LOW, INSTRUCTION THOROUGH. TUITION—\$8.00 and \$7.00 per term.

BOARD—\$2.50 and \$3.00 per week, or less if students go home Friday night.

ROOMS—for self-boarders at reasonable rates.

LIBRARY and READING-ROOM open to all students without charge.

For catalogue or to engage board or rooms, address the Principal.

FRANK E. HANSCOM, PRINCIPAL.

A Dollar

SAVED IS A DOLLAR MADE.

You can save that dollar and more too, by having your clothing cleansed or dyed and repaired. We make a specialty of dry cleansing, which will cleanse the finest material and most delicate shades without injury to the color or fabric. It is the only sure process for killing insect life, and destroying moths and their eggs.

Ladies' Dresses Cleaned, Dyed and finished Without Ripping.

Lace and Muslin Curtains cleansed and finished to look well. Velvet and Plush cleansed and steamed. All work done in the most skilled manner.

Don't buy a new suit when for a small sum you can get your old one repaired.

Prompt attention given to MAIL ORDERS.—Information cheerfully given.

LEWISTON STEAM DYE HOUSE,
Joseph Leblanc, Prop.,
141 Main St., Lewiston, Maine.

..BLUE STORE..

FALL OF 1899

Finds us at the front in the Clothing Business of Oxford County. Never have we been able to offer you such values. Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Ulsters, Hats, Caps, all the new things in Shirts, Neckwear and up-to-date Furnishings of every description.

Our



Worsteds

ARE THE

BEST WORSTED SUITS ON THE MARKET.

We shall continue for the present the old prices — \$7.50, \$10, \$13, \$15—notwithstanding there has been an advance on these goods. If you want to be clothed well, at a little expense,

Come and See Us.

F. H. NOYES, NORWAY

OXFORD COUNTY FAIR!

will be held in a few weeks and we shall be in condition at that time to show our new line of footwear to all visitors. We carry everything in our line for Men, Women and Children. Our specialties are our \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, and \$3.50 lines for Men, and \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 lines for Women.

We Carry the Largest Stock in the County.

We know we can fit and please you. This store is owned by the largest wholesale house in Maine, consequently our prices are the lowest. We also carry a splendid line of Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases. Our store will be open the evening of the second day of the Fair. You are most cordially invited to leave your packages, wraps, or anything you do not wish to carry; we will take care of them for you. Be sure and find us—our store is the WHITE FRONT.

SMILEY SHOE STORE,

E. N. SWETT, Manager, NORWAY, MAINE
IN THE WHITE FRONT—be sure you find us.

PIANOS : : AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos, Organs, Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. : : : : Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. WHEELER, Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS.

When You Want Something Good

to eat, call in and see our line of CANNED PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS, PEAS, BEANS, or CORN.

H. M. Farwell, the Grocer
MAIN STREET.

ORDER TEAM RUNS TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

The Other Fellows don't Like It

when some of their customers commence calling on us. It doesn't hurt us though. In fact it is generally a good sign that

We are Giving Bargains,

that our competitors could not or would not give. Our special for this time is:—Waltham, P. S. Bartlett, 17 jewels, nickel movement, adjusted etc., stem wind and set, in "Boss" 14k gold filled case, warranted for 25 years, only \$15; others ask \$18 to \$22. 20 year case \$2 less. ALL other makes of cases cost less than "Boss."

CAMERA and PHOTO SUPPLIES of all kinds. Lowest prices. Send for catalogue. Mail orders promptly attended to.

VIVIAN W. HILLS,
NORWAY, MAINE.
The only Practical Graduate Optician in Oxford County. (We never claimed to be the only one selling glasses).
NEW OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.
Open every evening. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

FALL

SEASON

OF - - -

1899

IS

ALMOST

HERE



That means the time of house renovating, and undoubtedly some new floor coverings will be needed, and we have just what is required in this line of furnishings.

LET US ATTEND

... to your wants

We will do it satisfactorily, promptly and at a reasonable price. You can also rely on us to properly drape your windows and doors, and correctly decorate your walls and ceilings. Please CALL or CORRESPOND with us and we will please.

SAMPLES and PRICES MAILED ON APPLICATION.

Carpetings, Drapery, Paper Hangings,
Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fire Mantels & Tilings

JOHNSTON, BAILEY & CO.

190-192 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND.

Near the Post Office.

GRAFTON.

Will Otis has gone to Cupsupitic to work.

Merton Kilgore of Newry, was in town Sunday.

John Allen and wife of Newry, were at Mrs. A. W. Farrar's, recently.

We are sorry to hear that Julian Farrar of this town, is ill of diphtheria at Yarmouth.

James Brown, who was so severely hurt at Rumford Falls, nearly a month ago, is gaining.

Mrs. and Miss Flint of Magalloway, called at G. A. Otis', while on their way to Bethel, last week.

May Brown of Rumford, and her cousin, Edith Thurston of Newry, visited at Mrs. G. A. Otis', last week.

A party of Norway people, including Merritt Welch and wife, Mr. Cummings and wife, and several others, camped in this town a few days, recently.

T. F. FOSS & SONS.

Extend an invitation to the

PEOPLE

OF

BETHEL

To Call the next time they are in Portland and examine their stock of

HOUSE

FURNISHINGS.

COR. CONGRESS & PREBLE STS.
PORTLAND.

GROVER HILL.

Summer is lovely, but soon will be past; Summer has pleasures, not always to last.

The severe drought still continues.

A. J. Peaslee worked in Gilead a few days recently.

Mrs. D. H. Peaslee has accepted an invitation to visit Milan, N. H. this week.

Mrs. N. A. Stearns and children, visited friends in Norway a few days last week.

Our road is somewhat improved by the removal of some of the troublesome rocks.

L. A. Sawin and family from South Albany, were guests at W. M. Brown's last week.

S. A. Lyon and Miss Winnifred Brown were among the excursionists to Portland Sunday.

Mr. E. P. Lyon has returned to his duties in a store at Auburn, after a pleasant two weeks' vacation in this place.

Mrs. Mary Bean, who has been visiting her mother and brother here, is with her sister, Mrs. Milton Holt, West Bethel, at the present time.

Mrs. Amanda Walker fell and injured her side one evening last week. A physician was at once summoned, and at the present time she is thought to be improving.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Tracy Littlehale is home from Boston.

E. F. Barker of Berlin, N. H., was in town, Sunday.

Mrs. Nora Coffin of Weymouth, Mass., is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hastings of Bethel, were guests at C. B. Foster's, Sunday.

Miss Grace Stowell of Arlington, Mass., is spending a short vacation at O. P. Littlehale's.

Mrs. Maria Mason and daughter of Des Moines, Iowa, were at R. M. Williamson's last week.

Miss Mary Jackson, who has

spent the past year at Ward Hill, Mass., is home for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Atherton are enjoying a visit from their children, Mrs. Richard Trask of Leeds, and Geo. F. Atherton of Susquehanna Penn.

Mrs. Della Sheppard arrived here last Sunday, and returned to Kennebunk the same day, accompanied by her daughters, Bessie and Mildred.

EAST BETHEL.

Miss Fannie Hoyt has returned to her home in this place.

Oranie Farwell visited relatives at Lovell last week.

Mrs. Sarah Farwell has returned home from a visit to Lovell.

Mrs. J. M. Bartlett and two sons visited Berlin, N. H. the 27.

Mrs. C. C. Kimball and daughter Clara, from Milan, N. H., are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Olive Bartlett has returned home from Milan, N. H.

Mrs. Effie Howe and son Henry, from South Paris, visited relatives here last week.

Mr. George Bartlett from Colorado, is visiting his uncle, M. E. Bartlett.

Miss Rose Kimball visited at B. W. Kimball's, Middle Intervale last week, and accompanied Mr. Kimball and family on a carriage drive to Sheburne, N. H.

Monday evening the people of East Bethel and vicinity assembled for a social upon the lawn of M. E. Bartlett. The grounds were prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns. A stage was erected, surrounded by several booths. An interesting program was presented, consisting of several charades, songs and recitations. Entertainment was furnished by a music box and graphophone, while a gypsy told fortunes in a near by booth. A box supper was furnished, and ice cream and cake found a ready sale.

Strayed.

One large black and white heifer calf. The finder will be rewarded by notifying J. A. TWADDLE.

SPINAL weakness easily cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve Pinster.

Recent Summer Guests.

Continued from first page.

Rumford Falls; J. D. Sanford, Portland; John Quimby, New York City; J. H. Pinkham, Lewiston; N. W. Lovell and family, Putnam Cove; Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Lovejoy, Rockland; A. P. Watson, Andover, Mass.; N. G. Gehring, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. H. E. Wilson, So. Paris; A. H. Edgely, Cambridge, Mass.; W. Flagler, Washington, D. C.; Miss Mary Fogg, Miss Helen Evans, Miss Harriet Fuller, R. M. Greenlaw, Harry Bacon, Thomas Marble, Gorham, N. H.; Ralph Trask, Norway; Dr. G. L. Sturtevant, Brunswick; H. W. Palmer, P. S. Rice, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; P. B. Martin, Rumford; T. R. Chandler, W. Somerville, Mass.; Miss Smith, Miss Flint, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Luque, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merrill, Chicago; Leslie Briggs, Portland; C. E. Miller, Portland.

At the Mountain Grove House: Rev. Francis Reed and wife, Lawrence, Mass.; Miss B. L. Metcalf, Miss Margaret Metcalf, Bath; Mrs. H. S. Pratt, Miss Josephine W. Ballard, Rochelle, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lines, Miss Palmer, New Haven, Conn.; Miss B. V. Roe, New York; Mrs. M. W. Batchelor, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Osgood, Portland.

At the Valentine House: Misses A. I. Handy, A. F. Perkins, M. B. Perkins, D. A. French, M. C. Valentine, Dawson, Holt, A. Holt, Dyer, Winn, Tewksbury, Mrs. C. H. Porter, H. E. Valentine, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Snyder.

At the Locke House: Mrs. William H. Seaver, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Linda W. Seaver, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. George A. Minott and wife, Miss Harriet L. Richardson, Miss Charlie W. Brown, Malden, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cope, Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Hinsdill Parsons, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hansmann, New York City; Mrs. Macmillan, Miss Lily Macmillan, Miss Mabel Richardson, Miss Grace Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Cook, Mr. Morris Macmillan, Joseph I. Lynes, Miss E. M. Bangs, Mr. E. Parsons, Mr. K. Rossiter, New York

It pays to buy at Foster's.

It pays to buy at Foster's.

A Little Money

will buy a lot of cool comfort these sweltering days, if you buy it here. Lots of those crash suits left. These are the proper suits for you to wear. Prices for Men's suits, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50. Youths' Suits \$2.00—many different styles for the little fellows. The Rough Rider Suit for Boys at 50c. This suit is made of brown canvas, trimmed with blue braid. All sizes—4 to 14.

Money Back if not Satisfied.

H. B. FOSTER,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, ME.

It pays to buy at Foster's.

It pays to buy at Foster's.

Bicycle Sundries.....

WE HAVE A GOOD LINE AT LOW PRICES:

Bundy Gas Lamps etc.

Repairing promptly done.

Wheels crated for parties leaving town.

EDWARD KING,
Jeweler and Optician,
BETHEL.

"Duly Feed Man and Steed."

Feed your nerves, also, if you would have them strong. The blood is the feeder and sustainer of the whole nervous system. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed. Hood's Sarsaparilla never disappoints. Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25c.